

THE
CAMPAIGN;

Charles A. Westor

TRUE STORY.

VOL. I.

Margt.



Berjat

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MDCCLIX.

T H E
A U T H O R
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

I KNOW with what an unfavourable prejudice most people sit down to read any book, that has the air of a novel. Those who have a great value for their time, will not perhaps be persuaded to read it at all. I am myself not a little surprized how I came to write it. Some pieces in this way have been so well done, as to make one despair of imitating them; many so ill, as to make a man ashamed of appearing in such company. What then were my motives for writing in this manner? I could perhaps render many reasons for it, and some that are plausible enough, if I did not chuse to give the true one:—I wanted money. I wrote a book to get it, and that book is a novel. I had not read a great many of those performances: but knowing that many were printed, I concluded it impossible, that any Soil

should be so greatly cultivated, from which a rich harvest was not to be reaped. Having therefore no Business, and much time on my hands, which my wants would not suffer me to devote to pleasure, I sat down, and wrote the Piece you have now before you.

This was my motive, and my only motive ; if the action is mean, the confession is honest. So far at least I have dealt fairly with you ; and, reader, if you pass a few hours in an agreeable amusement, or if, with more good fortune, you derive some small instruction from that amusement, why should you be too nice and exact, in criticising my motives for writing ? If I have written well, thank my poverty for it : if I have written ill, my poverty is my excuse ; and you ought in charity, to thank heaven that it does not serve for the excuse of a greater fault.

How seldom do you meet with so much candor as I use in this preface ! I insinuate nothing concerning my equipage. I do not print under the name of a blank lord, or a fictitious baronet : my work was not published at the earnest request of friends ; no ! I shewed it to none of them, lest they should request me not to publish, as they often do to no purpose. Neither has any knavish servant in combination with a no less knavish bookseller, stolen my notes :

This

This is an accident to which only great authors are very much exposed. An incorrect copy has not crept abroad, which obliges me to do the publick and myself justice, by giving an exact one. It was not originally written to please a few friends. In short, you are spared all the affected airs of learned coquetry. I am satisfied to pass for a premeditated author; and for a poor author; fully content if I do not pass for a bad one.

I own I am at a loss to know why my brethren of the quill so tenderly conceal all appearance of poverty, as a great crime in themselves, and so bitterly upbraid each other with that same imputation, in all literary controversies. The thing itself is not shameful; to aim at alleviating it by serving the publick with your pen is not shameful, nor mean, nor a prostitution of your talents. It is indeed a shame to draw the pen in the service of vice and immorality, to insinuate poison into the tender minds of youth, to blacken the honest fame of your neighbour, to disturb the peace of your country. This is indeed a shame, and it is equally shameful, whether you are a volunteer, or a mercenary writer; whether you scribble in the garret or the cellar; but to aim at turning the passions on the side of truth; to draw such faithful pictures of life, as may guide those who are entering it, into

the paths of honour, and to draw the mind to virtue by the means which are often used to seduce to vice. If this be done happily, it is not done the less virtuously, because money is made of it. If the author thrives by such labours he well deserves his success.

By this time, reader, you probably imagine, that I speak in this style, from the warm consciousness and solid satisfaction of a well sold copy. But undeceive yourself, as I have been undeceived! Whatever knowledge I might boast in other parts of life, to the profession of an author I was wholly a stranger when I wrote this piece. Far from finding my lucrative expectations justified; far from immediately filling my purse; I found my performance rejected by every bookseller in town: rejected, as absurd, stupid, low, unworthy even the expence of printing, and that by the printers of

I will not offend any of my fraternity, by naming other works, but leave it to the judicious readers memory to supply the hiatus with the names of many novels, that have appeared in these five or six last years.

One man, however, has been found bold enough to lift up his head against such respectable

able authorities. If his offers did not equal the sanguine expectations I had at first formed, my late experience at least had reconciled me a little to them, and whether he may not have reason to repent his rashness and singularity, is a point which I shall not presume even to guess at, as it entirely depends, gentle readers! on your reception of the work.

Thus have I given you a fair and full account of the motives, which led, or, if you please, impelled me to this undertaking; and I have not concealed from you the judgments which have been passed upon it, to the time of its coming to your hands. Now permit me to deliver my opinion with regard to this species of writing in general, and of my own performance in particular.

Novels were first brought into repute in England, by the masterly pieces of the late Mr. Fielding; and it maintained its reputation for some time, by the labours of one or two gentlemen still living. But their excellence proved fatal to the kind of writing in which they excelled; the servile herd of imitators immediately rushed in. There is nothing more easy, than to spin out a sort of thread of dreaming adventures; and there is no kind of bad writing, which people of much leisure, and little judgment, can so well submit

mit to read, as a bad story. A story, however told, has something to engage, if once the irresistible force of curiosity, and an incapacity for better reading, engage a man to enter into it: from these causes, the number and dullness of bad novels increased daily; till every reader of the least taste, abhorred the name of a novel. The laborious patience of idleness itself began almost to be tired out. —However, in spite of a prejudice apparently so very reasonable, I must venture to say, that a novel, when properly executed, is a work of some value, and a vehicle for instruction and amusement, inferior to none. It is, like comedy, a picture of common life, and the manners of private people. If in spirit and vivacity it yields to comedy, it is superior to it in variety. By intermixing narrative with dialogue, it is able to place its characters in stronger lights, and more diversified positions. It gives the author sometimes leave to interpose with his own observations, on the business, and on the characters, which in their place give a great grace, and often great instruction. It admits the serious and even the pathetic, as well as the ludicrous, which comedy cannot do with any propriety; and thus it approaches the soil by many avenues, and works upon all the human passions. The number of bad novels is great and grievous without question; but not greater than the number

number of bad plays, bad poems, bad writings of every kind : and this circumstance cannot raise a juster objection against these than against those.

Of my own Piece, I do not think very highly ; and shall therefore say but little. Faults it certainly has, and you will discover them undoubtedly. I hope however, that you will find I have not spent my fire in the beginning of the action, and that the story does not grow colder as it advances. I hope you will not find such unnatural monsters of fine ladies and fine gentlemen in the higher characters, nor such unmeaning absurd buffoonery in those of the lower, as you have met with in the common run of novels. I have endeavoured to draw them all, like such human creatures as we have about us ; some very vicious, some very virtuous, but most, what most men are, a mixture of bad and good. I have not, I freely own, made my hero a perfect character ; because I have observed, that as such characters resemble nobody, so they interest nobody in their fortunes, and instruct nobody by their example. The faults and failings I have given him, are not set down for imitation, but as they are the faults which are apt to adhere to honest and ingenuous natures, I imagined that a display of their ill consequences might be

viii The AUTHOR, &c.

be of use to such natures: all others are incorrigible.

On the whole, reader, I wish you may here meet with some amusement, and some instruction; and that my bookseller may reap some profit. At the worst, pardon me this fault, and if ever I write a second novel, be as severe as you please.

THE

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PART



P A R T I.

C H A P. I.

The Reader, at once, made acquainted with many of the worthy personages he will afterwards meet with in the course of our history.

STRAW is not more necessary to the making of bricks, than politicks and news are to a city club-conversation. How hapless then is such a meeting, at those sad times when the London Evening and Whitehall fail to supply materials for their sage animadversions! Such was once however the case of a company of warm wealthy citizens met near the Change; their pipes were lighted, punch, port, and porter were on the table; but the Whitehall gave no intelligence,

the London Evening oracle ceased to speak, and they seemed fated to eternal silence : till Mr. Blueball said to his friend Mr. Stun, ‘ What shall I do with my Jacky ? he is now a great boy, and ’tis time to give him some education.’ Now education is perhaps as nice a subject as any that could employ the thoughts of our ablest and wisest men, and yet no one thinks himself an incompetent judge of this point ; for perhaps every man looks on his children as the immediate effect of his own handy-work ; and therefore imagines he has a right to direct and dispose of them in the manner he likes best ; which is just as reasonable as it would be in a goldsmith to think he had a right to govern the kingdom, because he had made the crown.

Our good citizens having now got upon a topic that most of them were totally unacquainted with, there was not a moment’s silence the whole evening : it was not easy to collect the several opinions of the parties ; but there was a gentleman in a brown bob wig, a blue coat with brass buttons, and a red waistcoat, one Mr. Sourgrape, who swore very heartily he had no notion of confining young *fellers* at *college* and *varsities*, “ If you’d have them know what they
“ are about, cry’d he, let them see the world,
“ man bring them into company, let them
“ take

“ take their bottle, and then they’ll soon be
 “ men, dam-me! why there was Sir Joseph
 “ my neighbour, why he was killed the very
 “ first election;—he had been at Oxford, and
 “ was a scholar forsooth, and had lived always
 “ under his father’s eye, and so dam-me, when
 “ he found it necessary to drink stoutly, he was
 “ knocked up, at once, that he was; and made
 “ room for honest Sir Alexander, a hearty *fel-*
 “ *ler* that got 10,000*l.* in the lottery when he
 “ was but 17, and never cared twopence for
 “ his father afterwards;—here, here is Sir Alex-
 “ ander’s health: he owes me some money to be
 “ sure! but blood what of that? he is a hearty
 “ *feller*, and I’d trust him his skin full of gui-
 “ neas.” I will not pretend to say how many
 of the company admired Sir Alexander, or were
 of Mr. Sourgrape’s opinion. Some of them cer-
 tainly disputed it warmly; but there was one,
 who was far from admiring the character of Sir
 Alexander, tho’ he said little and did not dis-
 pute. This gentleman’s name was Stanley; his
 father who was himself a merchant had bred him
 one, and left him a considerable stock in trade,
 with a pretty estate, and the inheritance of a very
 good reputation: he had married a lady of good
 fortune, with whom he had now passed about 22
 years in great satisfaction; his good sense made
 him take too much care of his own affairs to

stand often in need of the service of any man, and every body spoke well of him ; he lived very well, and neither increased nor diminished his fortune, for if any unexpected losses befel him, neither he, nor the wife he loved had the foolish pride not immediately to retrench their expences ; and if any unlooked for gain arrived, they multiplied their charities, and thus their fortune was about the same which they began with ; and that they thought sufficient to support themselves, and provide for their two children, a son and a daughter.

Mr. Stanley was perhaps silently thinking of this son, while the company were laying down their several plans of education ; but he said little : indeed he came to this club rather that he might not seem to neglect his neighbours, than that he found any great pleasure in their society. But to pursue the conversation, Mr. Stun, who was a great pewterer, had said, “ for his part he
 “ loved learning, and had sent Tom to college,
 “ and was sorry too, that there was not such
 “ places for young women ; for he no way
 “ doubted but they would learn as well as men
 “ did.” There is my wife now, continued the wife Mr. Stun, “ why she used to hear Tom
 “ say his grammar lesson, when he went to day-
 “ school ; and there’s daughter Moll, just come
 “ from

“ from boarding-school ;—law ! how fast she
 “ gibbers French, I wish I could understand
 “ her.” But Mr. Scrape, the scrivener, was
 quite of another opinion ; in his mind girls cost
 too much already, and he said, “ for his part he
 “ thought it a pity there was not an act of par-
 “ liament to keep them all at home, at work,
 “ close at the spinning-wheel ;” but he was a
 man of few words, and said no more for that
 night ; tho’ we shall perhaps in the sequel hear
 a great deal of him. While they were canvassing
 the abilities of the sexes, a warm debate arose
 between Mr. Slim a confectioner, and Mr. Blue-
 ball the pawnbroker, on the merits of publick
 and private schools ; the former asserted with
 some warmth, “ that your boys bred at publick
 “ schools were all a set of impudent wicked ly-
 “ ing rascals ;” at which Mr. Blueball was high-
 ly offended, for he had himself been at a pub-
 lick school till he was eleven years old, and then
 left it, only to shew his obedience to the master,
 who gave him a little hint that he must stay no
 longer ; certainly it was not his want of capa-
 city the master objected to, for he was no dull
 boy ; and if he did steal books, perhaps it was
 only a childish trick, for I never hear that he
 stole *books* since. But be that as it may, he was
 greatly offended at this imputation on publick
 schools. With more vehemence than his anta-

gonist had used, he swore that no man could be a gentleman, who had not been bred at a publick school; and with great strength of voice maintained the honour of that education, which had enabled him to appear in the dignified character of a gentleman pawnbroker. Now the confectioner, who was the son of a poor country baker, had been bound apprentice to a country school-master; who in return for his sweeping the school and blacking the shoes, was obliged to give him his board, his lodging, his washing, and his learning; and in his 5th year had Sam Slim actually got almost through Lilly's grammar, when he left his master, and ran off to London in company with a country wench he had debauched. No wonder then, if he who knew so well the benefit of a *virtuous* private education, should stickle hard for the credit and honour of private schools. They both grew warm, and words grew very high; in vain did Mr. Stanley use every method in his power to quiet the debate; in vain did Mr. Stun endeavour to oblige all parties, by praising all kinds of education; they had certainly gone to blows, had not Mr. Sourgrape raised his voice louder than the rest, and filling a bumper drank damnation to all schools; and swearing that *larning* only made young men milk-sops, bad the disputants agree: and soon after the company broke up, which was the first thing

thing done that night to the satisfaction of Mr. Stanley.

As Mr. Sourgrape has been the loudest of the company, and as we may soon meet him again, it may not be improper here to give some account of him. This worthy man, who thought it so unreasonable to confine young people to schools and colleges, had formerly kept a tavern, and made a great deal of money; but had many years before this shut up house, that he might call in his debts, which were considerable: he then put his money into the stocks. Had there in those days been any cry against the Jews, Mr. Sourgrape could not have been accused of favouring them; for he never employed one of them, but took care to be himself so well acquainted with all the craft and policy of the alley, that he not only did his own business, but was ready and willing to serve any of his friends, who happened themselves to be entirely unknowing in the secrets of that mystery; or he would serve his friends children, if they were promising youths; if any old miser died leaving a large fortune to a young man, who seemed resolved to avoid his father's ill example and be no miser; Sourgrape, who drank hard, laughed loud, swore much, sung a good song, was full of professions of friendship and good nature, was sure to be of his acquaintance; if the

young man wanted a wench, honest Sourgrape would help him to one; or if his new friend wanted money faster than the rents came in, Sourgrape was always generously ready to supply him, and providence had so well rewarded his generosity, that he was now worth upwards of 20,000*l*.

CH A P. II.

The reader made a little acquainted with the heroes of the drama.

NOW tho' at the club, Mr. Stanley had not contradicted Mr. Sourgrape's assertion, that learning only tends to make milk-sops; yet was he of quite a different opinion, and had given a liberal education to the child his heart rejoiced in, and had the good fortune to find himself not deceived by a parent's partiality, when he had imagined even in the diversions of the child, that he saw the glimpse of a genius, which promised great things in the man. At school, no boy was more applauded by the masters, for no one could shew more attention to the instructions that were given him. Tho' the father had all the proud satisfaction that an affectionate parent naturally finds in seeing his child the foremost of his class, and the best scholar of his standing, yet was
not

not Mr. Stanley so fixt on the improvement of his son's parts as to neglect his morals ; it was not indeed by long lectures that this gentleman endeavoured to direct his son into a right course of life, yet was he not without giving him advice, but it was neither too frequent, nor too long for the attention that might be expected from the years of the person he meant to instruct: of which I would have all persons take notice, who do not mean to display their own wisdom, but seek to benefit their friend in the advice they give. This father too, never kept his son at a full arms length, neither was he ever very familiar with him ; from whence he gained at once his son's affection and esteem.

Mrs. Stanley was a woman of excellent understanding, yet could not keep that exact medium her husband observed ; she gave her heart full scope in the love she bore her son, and used him to the greatest freedom and familiarity, which was perhaps more for his advantage, than her comfort ; for it moulded into his very nature a gentleness and tenderness of disposition, that made him thoroughly susceptible of those soft sensations of love and friendship, which constitute the little sparks of happiness, the only true enjoyment that our nature is capable of ; and which could not have been so happily cultivated, but by that unreserved

freedom with which this good mother always treated her son : Yet to herself it was the cause of much uneasiness, for having given her heart its loose, it kept her in constant anxiety for that son's welfare. Did her son when a boy but enter the room with better grace than another child, the joy it gave the mother was visible to the dullest of the company ; nor was the effect less apparent, if he but spoke a word too little or too much ; for tho' she doated on him, yet could she plainly see his most trivial mistakes. She could indeed as easily forgive as discover them, but then she knew the world would not forgive him as easily as she would ; and her ambition was to see her son deserve the approbation of all who knew him. She hoped to see that son one day a great man, for he certainly was a boy of an uncommonly promising genius, even from his childhood ; and yet there was one thing she wished more than to see him a great man, which was, that he should be a good man ; she therefore, no less than her husband, missed no opportunity of filling his young mind with the most amiable principles, such as might make him happy in himself, and agreeable and serviceable to others : and the effect was, that these principles took such root in his mind, that he never was an happy man, till he became in the strictest sense of the word, a good man.

My

My reader longs, or at least I hope he longs, to see this young gentleman ; and, oh reader ! would I could introduce him to thee led by the hands of white-robed innocence and fair discretion. Had I given thee an account of his first nineteen years, I might have recounted that whole long space, as one continued series of application to his studies, obedience to his father, respect to his mother, regard to his friends, with civility and good manners to all he met ; but alas ! the age of my heroe, at the time thou commencest thy acquaintance with him, is just that age, which is more dangerous to a young man of a lively turn, with all his senses in their perfection, than the grand climacteric is to an old man, with every sense worn out. It would not at all surprize thee, gentle reader, to hear the latter cough, to perceive his sight weak, his voice low, his hand to shake, or his legs to totter under him ; because thou wouldst say, these are natural weakneses :— and why then should it surprize thee, to see a young man liable to youthful weakneses ? They are as natural to his age and time of life, as the others are to the old man, and his decay of life.

—All the favour then we ask for our heroe, Mr. George Stanley, is, that thou wilt always have it in thine eye, that he was a young man of a quick and lively turn of mind ;—remember

too, that a whole city of sinners might have been saved, could one good man have been found among them ; let then, many virtues, and much worth, be an atonement for a few indiscretions.

—But my chapter is too long, and besides, 'tis but decent to introduce my heroe in the beginning of a chapter.

C H A P. III.

— *Bad News.* —

THE morning after the club, Mr. Stanley told his wife the turn their conversation had taken, and that his mind had dwelt on that subject all night, and was still running on in the same train ;—she made a jest of it, and said with a smile, he should go no more to the club, if she found the lectures he there heard made so deep an impression on him ; he smiled again, and so it seemed to pass off ; but in fact, Mrs. Stanley instead of easing her husband's mind, had caught a little of his uneasiness ; and when that day, at dinner, a letter from Oxford was brought to them, a thing that hitherto had never been unattended with satisfaction, and an eagerness to open it, they neither of them received it, this time, without something like a fear. Now, kind reader, think not we are superstitious or believers of omens,

omens, for this is not to be number'd amongst our infirmities ; yet, whether owing to their being out of spirits, or to what else, but certain it is, this good couple did not receive this letter, which they saw was from their son's tutor, with the same alacrity they had received every other letter from that gentleman ;——and here is the letter, that thou mayst judge for thyself, how they must have been affected by it.

*Oxford, ****.*

DEAR SIR,

I Believe you know my regard for you and your family to be such, that it would be impossible for me to give you pain, without feeling it myself; but let me not alarm you,—your child, I had almost said my child, for indeed I love him as my own, is, I thank God, in good health ; and as to his behaviour and carriage here, indeed my poor boy is incapable of any thing mean or little. He desired my leave about three weeks ago, to attend his friend, the younger son of Sir Robert Martin, to Sir Robert's, about forty miles from this : I had always rejoiced at the intimacy of these two young people, for they are the two of all my pupils I am proudest of ; but by a letter from Sir Robert, the day before yesterday, I found they had never been near him. Yesterday's post at length brought

brought me a letter from George ; 'tis dated
from the camp in Germany. * * * * *

* * * * * Come Sir, I
am an old man bred in a college, and may be
frightned at the sound of arms. I own I was so
on the first reading of the letter ; but half a mo-
ment's recollection has set me right. I see so much
spirit in the undertaking, that I can hardly
blame the boys ; indeed if any is to blame, I
fear 'tis myself, who ought perhaps to have
watched the emotions of young minds more nar-
rowly ; and yet as little as I condemn the under-
taking,—I might be a little afraid of the danger,
were it not the received opinion that nothing will
be done this campaign ; so that the winter will
certainly bring our boys home, and I am sure we
may prevail on him to promise that he will for the
future stay at home ; and if he promises, I'll pawn
my life for his performing : Indeed all the ex-
cuse he makes for taking this step unknown to
you, is, that he was sure your care of him would
have forbid his going, and he could not think of
absolutely disobeying the commands of such a fa-
ther and mother ; that having so strong a propensity
to do this, he could not but do it, and therefore
acquainted you not with the design, but depends on
me to reconcile you to it, now 'tis done.—I shall
be in town in a day or two, before which time,
your own good sense, and the general opinion
that

that there will be no engagement this campaign, (so that our child is in no more danger than he would be here) will I hope have reconciled you, and good Mrs. Stanley, to an event that all our disquietude cannot now alter.

I am, &c.

SAMUEL SIMS.

'Tis perhaps impossible to express the feelings of a mother on finding the child she so fondly loved, exposed to all the inconveniencies, at least, if not dangers of a war, at a time she thought him safe and secure within the wall of a peaceful college: However, there was in the letter, an expression or two, that happily answered the intent of the honest writer; who knew that reasonings, however just, have seldom much weight on minds easily affected by any passion, and therefore had not attempted to argue them out of their fears and anxiety, but had without any apparent design, thrown in the only circumstance that could give the afflicted father and mother any comfort; which was to shew them, that their child was in no danger: And it answered to his wish.

These good people were equally affected by this irrègular step of their son, but the folly, extravagance, and irregularity of his conduct, occurred

curred not now to either of them; they both felt for his safety only, and nothing else found a place in their thoughts : but it was the mother, who, from what passed in her own heart, guessing the sentiments of her husband, and willing to give him ease where she wanted it herself, first observed on the likelihood of there being no battle, and that consequently their son was in no danger. The father was far from being convinced or quieted, yet he knew what his wife must endure, and, desirous to ease her, seemed satisfied himself, and improved on the hint; and these two people, tho' both in their own minds full of grief and vexation, were yet each of them resolved to conceal it from the other; which had this good effect, that as each was resolved to shew as little uneasiness as possible in the presence of the other, and they were seldom asunder, neither of them had opportunity to indulge their own anxiety; by which it did not grow upon them as otherwise it would have done, and each really in some measure gave peace to themselves, by endeavouring to give it to the other.

CHAP.

C H A P. IV.

The heroë appears in a very amiable light.

WHether it were from a natural sympathy, or from what else I know not, but certainly there never was a stronger union between any two boys than between Mr. Martin and Mr. Stanley; while they were yet at school together, whatever little thing the one had, the other was sure to share it. They were in the same class, and had the same good character for their diligence. Mr. Martin left school some little time before Mr. Stanley, but their intimacy had still been kept up by letters, and when Mr. Stanley senior carried his son to Oxford, the general good character of Mr. Martin induced him very willingly to acquiesce in his son's pursuing his studies in the same college, and under the same tutor with that young gentleman; and here it was, that their boyish fondness grew into a manly friendship; one will governed them both, one purse supplied them both, and the same studies employed them both. Sir Robert designed his son for the bar, and Mr. Stanley, when he thought his son's parts called on him for a liberal education, had resolved to bring him into the church; and in this, as in every thing else, Mrs. Stanley fully agreed with

with

with her husband ; she knew he had destined his son to this profession, as that wherein a man was least liable to make a bad use of his parts, but she had a little more fire in her composition than her husband had, and her expectations outstretched his ; she saw her son had parts, and hoped that the very weight of those parts, without a necessity of throwing low craft and servile adulation into his scale, might raise him to the first dignities of the church. But Mr. Stanley's only views were to settle him in the country, on a little estate his father had left him, and which Mr. Stanley had on his own marriage almost doubled by a purchase, the living of which too, not above 160 l. a year, was in Mr. Stanley. It was in a pleasant country, and an agreeable, tho' not large neighbourhood. It may seem strange to some that Mr. Stanley should have such satisfaction in his son's abilities, when he intended only to fix him in a little country living ; but he was a man of no great ambition, and had besides a notion that a man of parts might be of considerable service, and his abilities very worthily employed, in the care of a country flock, if the shepherd did his duty ; in which he may have been a little singular, tho' I believe he was not very wrong. He had but one child more, and that a daughter ; so that after providing an handsome fortune for her, he could leave his son in
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the receipt of about 700 l. a year, which he imagined just enough to give him every thing a man of sense, and a good man, would wish to have.

Thus had these old gentlemen, Sir Robert Martin and Mr. Stanley, resolved to dispose of their sons; but their sons saw plainly, that this was a scheme which must separate them. As to both of them going into the church, neither of them liked it much; and as to the bar, they had very little relish for that too. What the warmth of their friendship panted for, was to be in such a situation of life, as might enable them to act in concert, and mutually assist each other; and where could they meet with this but in the profession of arms? to this their natural inclination led them, and their very reading incited them to follow these inclinations.

When they saw Alcibiades evidently indebted for the preservation of his life to the bravery of his friend Socrates; and that same Socrates afterwards, in a general rout, brought off safe by the gallantry of Alcibiades; they esteemed those friends happy, in meeting such opportunities of shewing their friendship. When they heard Sarpedon encouraging Glaucus, his friend and companion in arms, their own spirit was roused by his exhortation; and when they followed

lowed Nifus and Euryalus through their night-adventure, their own equality of years, their own firm friendship, their own thirst of glory, seemed to mark the story, for an example to themselves, so that they were ashamed of not being in arms : and when they heard that same Nifus demanding, as his own right, the death he saw prepared for his friend ; and tho' not able to prevent, yet bravely rushing on to revenge and share his fate ;——when they met with these or such passages as these, the effect it had on their minds, is not to be described. Young, warm, and full of sensibility, they read a great deal, and every day's reading furnish'd them with instances of such gallant friendships as they longed to imitate. Thus fired by a desire of glory and animated by their friendship, they resolved to be soldiers ; but then it was easier to resolve than execute.

For Sir Robert, the father of the elder of these two young men, had himself served in his youth, and had only quitted the service, from not having his merit rated at his own estimation ; but he had ever since maintained so strong an aversion to the very name of a soldier, that he would perhaps rather have seen his son starving, than have seen him an officer, tho' a considerable fortune, and the highest reputation, had been the undoubted consequence

quence of his pursuing that course of life.—This antipathy of the father, the son was no stranger to; he therefore thought it in vain to desire his father's concurrence, and needless to acquaint him with his design. Our hero too, had as little hopes of his father's approbation; or had his father been prevailed on, he knew his mother would infallibly oppose a scheme that might be attended with so much danger; not that thou art, sagacious reader! to suppose that Mrs. Stanley's affection was of that foolish sort, which our fine ladies entertain for their ricketty bantlings, for no other reason than to display the tenderness of their own pretty hearts; by means of which, pretty master is detained from school and college, because mamma can't live without seeing him: no! Mrs. Stanley had a real and well grounded love for her son; but that love had never been the occasion of his mispending one hour of his time. Had he originally been designed for the army, she never had opposed it, nor withheld him from a campaign. She might indeed have been anxious for his safety, yet would she always have preferred his reputation to any regard for her own peace. But the case was not so; his father had early designed him for the church; his education had been for the church; her own good sense, and the constant discourse of her husband, had shewn her, that
every

every station and rank of life had its duty ; 'tis not the soldier's to preach, nor the divine's to fight : each then forsakes his post. This at least was Mrs. Stanley's opinion, and this at some odd time too, she might perhaps have told her son ; for as it was rather in deference to his father's determination, than from any choice of his own, that young Stanley was preparing himself for holy orders ; it is not improbable but he might have founded his mother, with whom he could be freer than with his father : but he certainly found no manner of encouragement from her, for his quitting the profession his father had chosen for him. Thus circumstanced with their families, the young men both resolved not to consult their parents, but alone to prove their friendship, and try their fortunes.

C H A P. V.

If the reader should be a little wearied in this chapter, he must not be surpris'd, as 'tis natural to be wearied and tired on a long journey ; and he is now to attend our young people, on a very long one.

THERE is one thing which I believe is commonly found necessary on a journey, and the want of which was the only thing that

now retarded our travellers : and that was money. But it was less difficult for these two to remove that impediment, than it would have been for any other two in the whole university ; for tho' they kept company enough to avoid the imputation of *poor beggarly fellows*, yet had they trifled away very little of their time ; seldom were seen lounging in the coffee-houses, or sauntering in the walks ; in short, they were both of high spirits, and great good humour, and kept as much company as young people ought to do, but then they fooled away less time than young people are apt to do ; from whence they had this threefold advantage, they were in themselves improved ; they were esteemed by their companions ; and lastly, which was now no small advantage, they were greatly respected by their tradesmen ; for by not trifling away their time and money, they were always able to clear away the smallest bill at quarter day : so that their credit, far from being worn out, had scarce been used ; and indeed to use it now was not without some private remorse in both their young minds, especially in that of our hero, whose father, with all the honesty that ought to be in a gentleman, was not without some of that punctuality and exactness that really is in tradesmen ; and of all things hated to be a *borrower*. His son had learnt from him, to look on borrowing as a sort of crime, so that
 he

he could not do it without some compunction; but he was so convinced of the nobleness of the design he was upon, that in spite of his dislike to borrowing, he resolved to raise all the money he could;--and let any wise man, who reads this (and I hope many wise men will read it) consult his own heart, and see if he has not always found himself abounding with reasons to justify the doing any thing he was very much set upon; and if he has not found it so, let him then condemn poor George for running in debt against his conscience, to support him in a whim he was extremely attached to. They found no great difficulty in raising about 100 l. besides having upon very *good* credit furnish'd themselves with very *bad* arms, as pistols, &c. They set out post for Staffordshire, as if going to Sir Robert's, but soon changed their rout for London, where they arrived that night; they were neither of them strangers to the town, but neither had ever before been masters of themselves, yet were they not tempted to any one excess; on the contrary, so intent were they on their expedition, that they made no delay, but to furnish themselves with some things they could not so well, or so secretly, get in Oxford.

They went directly to Harwich, and from thence crossed to Helvoetsluys: indeed they paid

something more for their passage than more experienced passengers would have done; however they got safe over, and a few days after arrived, somewhat weary, but in high spirits, at a little village, not many leagues from which lay the army; and here they thought proper to take counsel together, and lay their plan of operation. They found they had already expended near 20 l. however they had 70 l. left, *which was full sufficient to last them till their merit should recommend them to commissions*; but it now occurred to Mr. Martin, that he had an uncle in the army, a man of rank, and they doubted if it were not adviseable to make themselves known to him; but then he remembered this gentleman and his father were on no good footing; for which reason they resolved to trust to their own merit solely; and for fear there might be any of their family, friends, or acquaintance, who might cross their purpose, they resolved to pass for brothers, under the name of Roberts.

While they were refreshing themselves in this village, a fellow in rags, that scarce served to conceal his nakedness, begg'd their charity in English. At any time they were not backward in relieving the distressed, but their *own countryman* hungry, naked, and in a strange land, could not but raise their pity; they gave him money, ordered him food,

and began to question him how an army of his own countrymen could be so near him, without his joining them? The fellow, who perceived by the turn of their conversation, that they intended to join the army, and saw that they were young men, did not attempt any excuse for not being with the army already, but was full of professions, "how
 " happy he should be to go to the army or any
 " where else, in the service of two such fine
 " young gentlemen." Nor did he fail to let them know, that they would have occasion for a servant, and how useful he might be to them; in short, whether it was a little piece of vanity, that they thought a servant would give them a look of some little consequence, or whether a desire of relieving their countryman, or whether any or all of these together were the motive, I know not; but they told the fellow they would have taken him into their service, if he had had any cloaths; as this was their only objection, the fellow soon removed it, by having an acquaintance, who if their honours pleased would furnish him *for little or nothing* with a green coat turned up and lined with red, and almost as good as new; to this their honours agreed, and having paid for this *cheap suit, almost as good as new, that was threadbare and had twenty patches in it, near as much as a new one would have been worth*, they and their new servant Jerry, set
 forth,

forth, and arriving early next morning at the *out-lines* of the camp, were conducted to the commander of that quarter, to whom they declared themselves two brothers of small expectations, who had left their country to try their fortune in the field; owned they had no friends, but hoped their behaviour would recommend them. Indeed their manner, their figure, their youth effectually recommended them, for the eldest was not twenty-two; add to this, they were both tall, had honest open countenances, and a very graceful mien; they spoke little, and that little in the most modest way; gave the general to know, that they did not look to be in any way excused the duty of private men: all they hoped was, that their doing that with chearfulness and spirit, would be some proof that they would not behave worse in a better station. The general was an experienced brave old soldier, warm in his temper, plain in his manner, honest and affectionate in his heart; he was pleased with the behaviour of the young men, said he would take them under his own eye, and swore they should not want a friend if they behaved well. He kept an open table, and gave them a sort of good-natured order to attend there, and to come there that day; they then retired, and returning to dinner, the general introduced them to several officers, and among the rest to one Col. Morrice; the mo-

ment Martin heard the name, he supposed it to be his uncle; however he went through the salutation, without being visibly disconcerted, tho' in himself he was not a little embarrassed; the dinner passed with some mirth, and great good humour, and our brothers to the great satisfaction of the general, desired that very night to go on duty; the old general a man of an open honest mind, was apt enough to give full scope to any generous impulse of his own heart; which always prompted him to be a friend to merit, however unattended with rank or fortune; the spirit of these young men seemed to him an implication of their merit, and he resolved to be their friend, and take them immediately under his own protection.

CHAP. VI.

The world is made of up's and down's.

THE old general watch'd and observed our young people narrowly, and their conduct was such as pleased him greatly; they never missed their duty, and when off of duty, they always consorted with the officers, from whose company they expected much improvement; for they had supposed the common conversation of the officers would turn on the method of attacking or defending a post, the manner of sub-

sisting

sisting an army, or relieving a town, and various other topicks of military concern; so that they were a little surpris'd at first, when they found, that the difference of fashions in England and in Germany, the manner of intriguing there and here, the various sorts of women they had met with, and such like brave subjects, were the almost constant topicks of their conversations. This was a pretty common case, yet was it far from being universally so; men there were, and not a few, of as much knowledge as might be expected in a scholar, and of as much true spirit and solid judgment in military affairs, as could be wish'd for in men intrusted with the defence and honour of their country: such a one was the old general, to whom our hero and his friend were at first introduced; and to some such as himself did he take care to introduce our hero and his friend; so that, tho' they pass'd sometimes a few hours with such pretty fellows as might prepare them for any rencounter with our fine ladies at home, yet did they spend most of their leisure with those whose example and conversation might fit them for command.

Our young people were so diligent and constant in their duty, so intent on acquiring a knowledge of their profession, and every body by caressing them seem'd so sensible of their good intentions,

tentions, that they spent their time agreeably, and were in daily expectation of commissions.

One thing happened that was however not a little disagreeable to them; the old general their friend was ordered to one of the German courts on the king's business, but he did not leave the army without sending for his Boys, a name he had given George and his friend; he told them he should not be long away, and if they continued to behave so well till his return, the first thing he did should be to provide for them. They were sorry even for a time to lose their friend; but satisfied in his kind promise, they had the less regret in his departure; tho' he was scarcely gone, when it was perceivable, that every body did not care for them so much. Indeed the great notice general Ironside took of them, tho' it procured them the civility of every one, yet it gained them likewise, the envy of but too many. Nor were some wanting who reflected on the general, as a whimsical old man in shewing so much civility to two young fellows, that came from whom, and from whence no body could tell. However, as every body was very civil to them, and they had no reason not to be very well satisfied with themselves, and their own behaviour and conduct since they had come to the army; their life went on agreeably and plea-

pleasantly enough ; indeed now and then, a little reflection on the pain this step must give his father and mother, stole in to disturb the perfect serenity young Stanley would otherwise have enjoyed. But as he had on his first arrival wrote to his tutor, he hoped that good man would be able to quiet their fears ; so that in the main, he was pretty well satisfied.

Stanley and his friend had soon an opportunity of signalizing themselves in a detach'd party ; and behaved so well that they were the talk of the whole detachment. On their return as they were walking together, and exulting on the good fortune of that day, that gave them so many witnesses of their gallant behaviour ; and were planning out their future conduct, when they should come to be officers, for they were quite sure, that many days now could not pass before they should each get a pair of colours ; nor did their hopes stop there, they were resolved so to behave, that their superiors must of necessity very soon promote them to a better commission, and so on till their imaginations had raised them to the rank of field officers : When, just as they had assumed the staff,—lo ! a serjeant at the head of his guard demanded their swords, and conducted them prisoners to the commander of that quarter. But alas ! it was not their old friend ; and they no

sooner appeared before the new commander, than he asked with some sternness, "what business brought them to the army?" They told him the old story, that they were Englishmen, and brethren; that they left their country to serve in the army; and appealed to all that knew them for their behaviour since they came to the camp. They also mentioned general Ironside's opinion of, and regard for them; but the commander cut them short saying, "look ye, young men, that you are Englishmen I believe, and the greater is your shame, for that reason, to become spies on your own countrymen; however as you are young, I will not deal severely with you, as such wretches deserve, I will not hang you instantly; you shall have this night to consider of it: if you make an honest, open, full confession, to-morrow morning, perhaps you may save yourselves."

He then ordered them under a strong guard, to be kept asunder that night: and let us now leave them to spend it, with all the uneasiness and mortification that young minds, conscious of their own worth, and proud of it, must feel under such an accusation; while we account for the cause of their misfortunes.

C H A P. VII.

Advice to jury-men, gratis, and out of pure regard to them, not being at all called on to give it from any thing arising in the work.

OUR young people had often imagined they saw reason to suspect their man Jerry's honesty, but their stock had lately been so very low, that the mark of Jerry's fingers could not but be seen whenever he touched, and he never refrained when an opportunity offered; indeed they had no right to have kept a servant, but some little bit of vanity would not suffer them to give up the appearance they at first made; however the smallness of their own stock, and the greatness of Jerry's knavery, made it last absolutely necessary for them to part with him, and in doing so, they could not help letting him know, that they thought him a sad rogue. 'Tis observable, that of all men living, your thorough-paced knave is most offended at having his honesty called in question, and unless the reader will take what follows as the rationale of it, I must leave it to the enquiry of future philosophers. But I account for it thus: Could any of us now, like the heroes of antient fable, go forth to battle with a consciousness of our being invulnerable; how calm and serene

should we be in the midst of all the noise and roar of cannon ; but well knowing that our flesh is penetrable, and that balls will penetrate, no wonder if some of us, now and then, should not be pleased at their whizzing about our ears. Art thou so dull now, reader, that I must make the application, and tell thee, that a truly honest man conscious of the integrity of his heart and the uprightness of his actions, depends on the soundness of his life and manners to repel all evil accusations ; and must I tell thee too, that the knave, (conscious that he wants that natural armour, the real gift of Heaven, *a good and upright heart,*) would wrap himself up in that glittering coat of mail, of human invention, *a brazen impudence and noisy petulance.* Thus was it with Jerry ; no sooner did he hear the least slur thrown on his honesty, than he grew loud and clamorous, calling for proof, or demanding satisfaction. Martin with great coolness submitted to mention some facts that were too glaring to be disputed, and at the same time threatened to have him sent to the provost marshal immediately, if he did not go off. Go off he did, but with his heart replete with rancour, vexation, and a thorough desire of revenge ; the devil at once prompted his memory, and he recollected some words dropt from them, from which he collected they were not real brothers ; so that he

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concluded there was some mystery in it. He had observed too the marks of their linen did not correspond with the name they went by. One morning too returning from a visit to Col. Morrice, he had overheard Martin say something as if "the Colonel he believed would not have received them so well, had he known who he was." Jerry doubted not, but by adding a great deal of falsehood to some few truths, he could give such an information against his masters, as would at once take vengeance on them, and at the same time put money into his own pocket, as a reward for his iniquity: nor was he a stranger to the many whispers that went about, and of the fault found by many with Gen. Ironside before he had left the army, for his particular civilities to these young men. These things encouraged the fellow. He went to the proper officer and deposed, "That he had seen the two persons that went by the name of Roberts, before they had reached the camp, in company with two other men seemingly French officers; that they came to such a village, attended by two servants, whom they immediately dismissed; that then they took him into their service, and that he had never seen them before that day; that he had overheard them say such things as shewed they were not brothers, and did not forget what young Gregory had said

"on.

“on his returning from Col. Morrice; and there-
 “fore from the whole believed them to be spies,
 “for he had heard them say, (which was alto-
 “gether a lie) that it was time to be gone, now
 “they had got all they wanted.”

Whether the officer really thought them spies, I will not say, but some things the fellow swore to, seemed to imply something mysterious in their behaviour, and therefore our young people were as you see arrested, and not being able either of them to divine what could be the ground of their being suspected, of what their whole hearts detested, they spent a most unhappy night. They had faced death and feared it not; but to die like the worst and basest of men, made death appear quite different from what it did to them when they saw it through the glaring medium of honour and glory: nor was their innocence any comfort to them; for, reader, thou art not deeply read in the book of the human heart, if thou thinkest virtue and innocence will support even the bravest in a certain measure of circumstance. Believe me, the very man who would dare death at the mouth of a cannon, or which is perhaps more shocking, would without a sigh meet it dressed up in all the terrible formalities of the law, when an imaginary point of honour led him to the block; that
 very.

very man might sink, might at once break his heart, tho' cloathed in innocence and wrapt up in virtue, if an incensed mob *happened to duck him for a pick-pocket*: be not therefore surpris'd, if our young soldiers, who would shake hands with death in any warlike shape, were shocked to meet it in the character of a spie. Frequently in the night had they messengers from some of those who had heard a good report of their behaviour in the little parties wherein our young men had signalized themselves, and who were witnesses of their deportment in company; I say, frequent messengers came from some of these, to intreat them to confess all, and with promises of assistance if they dealt ingenuously. Now this might have been some comfort to any that were really guilty, but to them that were intirely innocent, it only added to their vexation, by shewing them that their guilt was universally believed; which was the only thing that could add to their distress, and which may seem a little strange too, and yet I believe a man's real innocence, or actual guilt, is not what commonly clears him or condemns him in the voice of the world. According to the temper, inclination or caprice of the first relators, a story is changed, and altered, and the cry of the publick misguided; certain incidents are added, all is aggravated, and we condemn him as guilty, who was only unfortunate: or, half the circumstances.

stances are omitted, and all the rest softened; and thus a wretch deserving our detestation, becomes a candidate for our pity, perhaps our favour. Whim governs here, as in every thing else; I am only speaking of common talk, the voice of the world, of news and news-mongers; 'tis, doubtless, quite otherwise in our courts of justice; there the twelve good men and true, are, I hope, only guided by well proved facts: and yet, if a man has lent his ear to any prevailing reports, I am afraid 'tis not easy for him afterwards to be an impartial hearer, examiner, and determiner of facts. I believe our jury-men are really honest men, and such a thing as a money-bribe scarcely known; but an innocent man may as unhappily suffer wrongfully, or a rogue as effectually escape justice, if a judge is swayed by opinion, as if he was bribed by gold. I am not sure this doctrine of juries is well introduced or much to my purpose, for military delinquents have no right to that badge of liberty, an open trial, and the unanimous consent of twelve equals to condemn them. But what I have said is I think just; so I'll leave it for the benefit of my jurymen-readers, as I hope all the good men and true in the kingdom will read this; and that I may not allow it to be entirely foreign to my subject, I think it may serve to shew, how my young gentlemen, full of virtue, bravery, and honesty, should have been

been supposed capable of so mean and base a villainy, as that of betraying their country. It had not been without great difficulty, that people had endured the good reputation which the carriage and behaviour of these young men had exacted from them ; and now, that there was the least imputation of evil on them, every body found themselves, without knowing why, wonderfully inclined to think worse of them than almost any wretch could deserve ; as they had before been forced to speak better of them than is common for people to merit : And if there were any who dared still to retain their good opinion of our heroes, they were carried down the stream, and had not strength to oppose it. Some such however there were, who resolved to catch hold of any twig of an opportunity to serve these unhappy young adventurers.

The morning came, and George was brought out first, as being rather the younger, and therefore the person over whom they expected threats or promises might be most prevalent. 'Tis not easy to believe, that a few hours could work so manifest a change, that a glow of youth which but the morning before had flushed in his cheek, was now turned into a pale dejection. Much was said to prevail on him to inform against his companion, and it was not without great difficulty he at last uttered,

“ You bid me say all I know of my companion, if

“ I

“ I knew any ill of him, little would it become
 “ me to say it; but God is my witness, tho’ I know
 “ my friend well and thoroughly, I know nothing
 “ of him that is not good and honest,—nor does,
 “ nor can any one; — but who is our accuser?
 “ pray, Sir, remember, we and you are English-
 “ men ! let me see the accuser !”

It may not be improper to remark, that the offi-
 cer had likewise put Jerry under an arrest, lest
 he might have been spirited away; he was now
 instantly produced, and encouraged by the readi-
 ness he found in every body to believe him, be-
 haved with an effrontery that disgusted even
 those who were not sorry to see the brothers pulled
 down; “ Ay, Sir, says he, I say as how you are,
 “ you and t’other are imposters, and spies;
 “ first as it be, that you be’nt brothers, and se-
 “ condly,———“ Hold wretch ! hold ! cries
 “ George, while yet you speak truth;” and then
 addressing the board, “ Sir, may I beg to be heard?
 “ ’tis indeed to save you time I request it; I will
 “ not spend a moment on that villain, whom
 “ we saved from starving. Thus far he has I
 “ confess told truth; we are not brothers; my
 “ friend is the younger son of Sir Robert Martin-
 “ of ——. If in any thing he has done wrong,
 “ ’tis I, am most to blame, who encou-
 “ raged him to this expedition without the con-
 4. sent.

“ sent of his father or his friends : As for myself,
 “ my name is Stanley ; I came here to be a sol-
 “ dier, but that he or I were capable of being
 “ spies for the enemy, is false ; and whether that
 “ wretch, or any other has accused us, 'tis equal-
 “ ly groundless.”

Towards the end of George's speech, some of those who thought better of him than the general voice would suffer them to avow, observed that Jerry had retired towards the door ; one of them stepped up to him, and gave the fellow a hearty slap on the shoulder, crying aloud, “ Whither
 “ would you go ? stay, firrah, and speak truth ;” the unexpected suddenness of the stroke so alarmed the poor devil, that he instantly fell down on his knees and confessed the whole ; so that George and his friend were released : But when they returned to their tent, they found that all their effects had been pillaged ; so that they were reduced to a few shillings which they had in their pockets, and the single shirt and cloaths they wore. Search indeed was made, and some few things found upon Jerry, not indeed of what had been taken while they were in custody, but what he had stolen, and they had not missed before ; for which he was whipped almost to death : this, tho' he justly deserved it, was however but poor satisfaction to them.

C H A P. VIII.

The way of the world.

TIS true, no body any longer thought our young people spies, their characters were now quite free from any such imputation; but then, they had lost all they had for their support; their money was gone; the good old general too, who would probably have relieved them, was absent. They were in the utmost extremity. Mr. Martin was inclined to try his uncle, who had indeed been of some service in the late affair, in acknowledging that he *had* such a relation, and that he believed from some circumstances, that *this young man* might be a son of his brother-in-law; not that he did even that with such a grace, as to encourage his nephew in any manner to hope much relief from him.

However, it was unnecessary to apply to him, for that very morning the Col. sent for Mr. Martin. — This was vast comfort to them both, for tho' their distresses made it absolutely necessary for them to apply to somebody, yet was there an honest shame, that would have made such application a very disgustful affair to them; but this message from the colonel gave them vast hopes; and they could not but applaud him,

him, who would genteely save his brother's son the trouble of asking, and, being aware of their situation, had of himself sent for his nephew.

Whilst the young people are congratulating themselves on a period being put to their distresses, give me leave to inform thee, reader, of some few matters concerning the colonel. He had made a love match; that is, having no fortune of his own, he had married a young lady of 10,000 l. fortune, a sister of Sir Robert Martin's, but had found great difficulty in getting the money from Sir Robert, who was very little inclined to pay such a sum to a soldier, and the colonel was not very able to force it from him, as Sir Robert was not fool enough to fight, nor the colonel rich enough to go to law: for tho' he was far from an extravagant man, yet the necessity he had been under of borrowing to raise him to the rank he held, had left him very bare; so that tho' the baronet had certainly not behaved kindly, or perhaps very civilly, yet was the colonel very well inclined to an accommodation; and the more so, as tho' the law would in the end have decreed the lady's fortune to him, yet were there some circumstances, that gave her brother a plausible colour for detaining it.

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On these accounts, the following letter gave the colonel great satisfaction; and to ingratiate himself with the baronet, he was resolved to do every thing that was desired of him. Young Martin no sooner appeared before him, than he accosted him thus: "Nephew, I am a man of
 "but few words, but what I say I'll do; there
 "is a letter I this morning received from your
 "father; you must leave camp to night; and as
 "for that fellow that your father tells me se-
 "duced you, I'll take care of him." 'Tis not
 easy to say, which the young man was most sur-
 prised at, his uncle's manner, or his father's let-
 ter, which was as follows:

SIR,

"IT has fallen in your way to serve me; do
 "what I want, and I'll settle all matters be-
 "tween us to your heart's content: In short, my
 "son Tom has been seduced by some rogue of
 "an acquaintance at Oxford, to leave his col-
 "lege, and they are run away to your army,
 "they say. For God's sake find him out, and send
 "him home immediately. Send the run-away
 "bound neck and heels; let him not stay a mo-
 "ment at the army. Whatever expence you are
 "at, I'll pay you, and thanks: and, if you can,
 "hamper

“ hamper that other young rogue ; a poor raf-
 “ cal, I’ll warrant him ; I fhall be deadly glad.
 “ Do this, and I’ll do all you want : my word
 “ is my bond, and you may depend I’ll com-
 “ ply with your defire, and be,

“ S I R,

“ Your affectionate brother.”

I cannot help obferving, one folly Sir Robert had in common with other wife fathers ; be they ever fo angry with their children, yet their vanity gets the better of their wrath ; and they conclude, their child is not principally to blame : but this cool obfervation comes in but ill, I fear, where the perfon we are treating of is harraffed with fuch variety of uneafinefs ; for it was impoffible to experience in one moment, more vexation than young Martin did at this infant. He fware his friend had been misrepresented to his father ; that he had rather perfuaded his friend, than his friend him ; and he intreated and conjured the colonel to have pity on him : but all to no purpofe, he was refolved to fend him off, and failed not to let him know, that he would take *care* of his chum. Martin, alarmed for his friend, told the colonel, if his friend could be perfuaded to go with him, and was fupplied
 like

like himself, he would obey: but he was cut short, by “persuaded to go with you, and supplied like yourself too! make yourself easy young man, for by Jove he shan’t stir a step with you: no, no, I’ll bring that dog’s nose to the grinding stone.” “How, dog!” said Martin, but he stopped himself short, and in the most suppliant manner begged he might have some money to supply that friend with, who really wanted it; and then he would himself obey immediately. “How, says the colonel, “and does he really want money? I am glad “on’t; but you, young sir, shall see him no more, by G—d.” “Not see him!” returned the young man warmly, “and who shall “hinder me, while——? and seemed to look “at his sword.—I’m not in your corps, sir,— “nor under your command, stop me if you “dare.”—This he spoke in a manner so determinate, that the colonel did not think proper to stop him; not that the colonel ever declined fighting, where there was real occasion; but he saw no reason for using his sword to perhaps no purpose, when there were other means, which could not but be effectual.

He therefore let him go off to meet that friend, who impatiently waited his arrival; and had been pleasing himself, and thanking providence

dence for having given them assistance in the hour of distress; but he was soon undeceived, and I cannot say which of them was most unhappy: but they had not much time to meditate on the means to be pursued in their unlucky circumstances; for they were again both taken into custody. The colonel without loss of time, had immediately applied himself to the commander in chief, and represented to him, “ that a young
 “ man, the son of a very good family of large
 “ fortune, and a relation of his own, had been
 “ seduced by a mean fellow he had unhappily
 “ met with at the university, who had withdrawn
 “ him from his studies, and that at length they
 “ were come to the army; where having squandered away all he had, he was now in great
 “ distress. He begg’d therefore to have leave to
 “ convey him under a guard to the next town,
 “ to have him sent home to his father, who was
 “ very uneasy for his absence.” All this was granted, and our young adventurers were both taken into custody, just as they had resolved to throw themselves at the feet of the commander in chief, to implore his protection, and beg leave to serve their king and country; but it was now too late, for the colonel took care, that none should have access to them.

As

As for poor Martin, he was that very night sent off under a serjeant's guard ; in what manner, and what afterwards befel him, we shall see in another place.

Let us now look after our hero, who was the next morning brought before Col. Morrice, who accosted the man he had been very civil to at General Ironside's table, in this manner ; " Well, " Sirrah ! you deserve to be hanged ; however, if " you have a mind to enlist, I'll take you into my " company : there, for Tom's sake, there is half a " crown for you." George was almost ready to burst with indignation ; but it occurred to him, that the voice of the world was against him ; that if he offered to demand satisfaction of a man of Morrice's rank, Morrice would certainly answer him with scorn, and refusing to own him as a gentleman, deny him any satisfaction ; and not only so, but would probably make a handle of that to confine him and treat him ill : he therefore repressed his choler, and coolly taking up the half crown, answered, " There may be a time, Sir, " when I may thank you, and repay you as I ought " for this generosity, and the rest of your kind " treatment ; for the present, I hope I am to be at " my own disposal." The colonel was vexed, but he had no excuse to hold him prisoner, and therefore

dismissed him; and if Stanley was highly mortified, the colonel was no less so. But, honest reader, if thou canst imagine what it is for an honest man to be thrown down by a sudden series of undeserved misfortunes to the very lowest pitch, thou wilt surely pity George Stanley. Not three days ago, he was loved, caressed, and well treated, by a large and reputable acquaintance, in hourly expectation of getting a commission the reward of his merit; when by a villainous servant, he was accused of crimes, he was even in thought a stranger to: of that he was cleared and acquitted, but when people had once got an excuse for speaking ill of him, they were unwilling to return to the good opinion they once entertained of him; and as they had no actual crime to object, they readily harped on his being a poor needy fellow, who had subsisted merely on the bounty of young Mr. Martin, whom he had seduced to an adventure, which every body now condemned, and thought a very foolish one. The imputation of his being a needy fellow that had lost his support, was sufficient to make most people shun him, and this notion Col. Morrice was not idle in propagating, as he thought it justified himself. Yet was not George now in the same forlorn way, as when he laboured under the suspicion of being a spy. His innocence then was no comfort to him; but a consciousness of his own virtue now supported him. Friendless,

naked, and pennylefs as he was, he funk not under it : all his old companions fhunned him : he was known to have no money left : this he faw made them afhamed of being in his company, and fince they were fo, an honeft fhame made him not feek theirs.

He therefore quitted that quarter of the army, and going to another, was there as much a ftranger as a man of one county is here, when he travels through the next. He there enlisted as a private centinel, refolved in that rank to do his duty, 'till he fhould hear of the arrival of general Ironfide, whose honeft nature he hoped would lend an unprejudiced ear to his whole ftory. He knew that this brave and generous commander would not defer him becaufe he was unfortunate : and, at the worft, he could but wait 'till fome new incident might happen in his favour. Had he wrote to his father, he doubted not but an immediate relief would have been fent him ; but that he could not prevail on himfelf to do, and therefore fubmitted patiently to carry his brown mufket.

CHAP. IX.

*A lesson to young men to submit to their present lot,
and wait patiently for better days.*

STANLEY enlisted in the company of a gentleman he had no manner of acquaintance with, but of whom he had heard a very good character; here he was very diligent in his duty, respectful to his officers, and civil to the common men. The life of a common soldier who is sober and diligent, cannot furnish a great matter of variety for the historian; the reader therefore will not be displeased, that we pass over this stage of our hero's life with some expedition; only we must observe, he had one mortifying instance of his captain's good opinion of him, in his offering him an halbert; which he decently refused, and in a manner in which it is not common for private sentinels to behave. This induced a conversation with the captain, who could not but enquire, how a man of his conversation could come into that station? George told him the whole story, and that too with so much simplicity and openness, that the captain gave entire credit to all he said. He knew Morrice's nature very well, and tho' on the first acquaintance he would not venture to say Morrice was a man

that would not stick to do any thing to gratify his ill will, yet he gave George such advice with regard to the danger of a young man's contending with a person of rank and interest, as shewed he wished George very well, and pitied him : He honestly owned he himself had no great interest, but if any thing happened wherein he could serve him, he might be assured he would not fail him. He then offered him some pieces, and desired he would associate with the officers ; Mr. Stanley thanked him, but absolutely refused the money, and only begged, that if he heard of the arrival of general Ironside, he would acquaint him with the station he was in, and of the manner he had behaved in it. This the good captain promised to do ; but it was not many days after, that his captain came up to him in the ranks, saying, " Mr. Stanley, I have this morning been with " lord Belfont, who is just come to the camp, " and desires to see you ; I will myself, if you give " me leave, attend you to his lordship ; he desires " I would give you your dismissal, and be assured " tho' I should be glad of any occasion to oblige " his lordship, yet my pleasure in this case is " intirely on your account." George could scarcely make any answer, for he had never before even heard the peer's name, and did not conceive how he should have interfered thus to serve him. But he attended his captain to his lordship,

ship, who introduced George with saying, "My
 " lord, a man who knows so perfectly well how
 " to obey as this gentleman does, will be the
 " properest man to have command; I have great
 " pleasure in introducing him, as I know your
 " lordship will be pleased with an opportunity
 " of rewarding merit." Lord Belfont thanked
 the captain, and just asked George, if he knew
 Mr. Sims? "Yes, my lord, I was under his care
 " at Oxford." "You are, Sir, then the very gen-
 " tleman I am looking for;" replied his lordship:
 and turning to the captain, "Shall I beg your
 " leave a little? I have something to say to this
 " young gentleman; if you dine at general Iron-
 " side's, we shall meet you: he joined us last night,
 " and I promised to bring Mr. Stanley to dine
 " with him." George felt an inward satisfacti-
 on in hearing the old general was returned,
 but he said nothing, 'till the peer resumed:
 "Mr. Stanley, I have a letter from our common
 " friend Mr. Sims; it was a little hasty, Mr.
 " Stanley, to take such a step without letting him
 " know it, you might I believe have trusted him,
 " for he is a very honest man." "O yes, my
 " lord, reply'd George, a better man never
 " lived. I ought indeed to have taken 'no
 " step without his advice; but pray, my lord,
 " may I be so bold,—I suppose Mr. Sim's
 " mentions my father and mother. Oh, my
 D 3 lord,

“lord, I have done very ill, in not consulting
 “their peace more than I did! - - - I beg your
 “pardon, my lord, but pray do you know how
 “they are?” “Mr. Stanley, there needs no
 “apology for so laudable a question,” said his
 lordship; “they are both very well: here, Sir, is
 “a letter from the good gentleman.” Poor George
 trembled every limb, and was, by turns, snow and
 scarlet: he did not stay to make an apology for
 reading his letter, but precipitately broke it open,
 and found what follows.

DEAR CHILD,

“**Y**OUR mother and I join in giving you
 “our blessing: God bless you, child, and
 “direct you to do what is best for you: your
 “poor mother is very uneasy about you: surely,
 “we have not deserved so little of your con-
 “fidence. I will not bid you instantly leave
 “the army, but I will beg you, and your dear
 “mother begs it too, that you’ll upon no ac-
 “count accept a commission, if such a thing
 “should be offered you. As you were resolved to
 “see a campaign, stay it out, but act only as a
 “volunteer. This, I, your father, intreat of
 “you. Do your duty, but think not that ’tis
 “your duty to venture your life foolishly. Mr.
 “Sims has undertaken to convey this to lord
 “Bel-

“ Belfont, who will, I believe, be your friend,
 “ if you deserve his regard.—God bless you,
 “ child, return! be sure to return as soon as ever
 “ the campaign is over.—You must have occa-
 “ sion for money. Inclosed is a letter of credit
 “ on Mr. — the agent. I have wrote to him
 “ to let you have what you have occasion
 “ for. ——— Once more, your mother and I
 “ send you our hearty blessing, and your sister
 “ her sincerest love.

“ I am,

“ Dear child, ———.

Few widows, on the first account of their *dear*
 husband's death, ever were really so near losing
 life, as was our heroe on reading his father's
 kind and affectionate letter. The peer, who
 had a really honest heart, saw his distress, and
 instantly ordered him a glass of wine, concluding
 the letter had been wrote in the usual stile of fa-
 therly wisdom; full of threats and reproaches. He
 therefore began to comfort George, saying, that
 he would himself interfere and endeavour to re-
 concile his father. “ Oh, no! my lord, you
 “ know not my father, returned he; good my
 “ lord, take the trouble to read that.” When his
 lordship had gone through the letter, he was not
 indeed much less pleased than George himself

was: the moderation, the affection, and the good nature that the letter seemed to certify in the father, pleased him much, and he loved the young man for being so sensible of his father's goodness. There was something in George's manner, that took wonderfully with the peer: he asked him a great many questions, and George in as few words as possible, gave him an account of all that had happened to him, from the time of his leaving Oxford. His lordship was, at some parts of the narrative, not a little surprised to see how report could vary facts; for he had before heard some confused accounts of two young men coming to the army, but then the affair was so totally different, that when he had a letter from Mr. Sims, desiring him to look out for one Mr. Stanley, he never dreamed that he was the person of whom he had heard such strange stories.

C H A P. X.

Honest and brave men are soon acquainted.

LORD Belfont, according to his promise, carried George to dine with the general, who received him with open arms. The pleasure this honest old soldier had in seeing him again, was very great; "Well, my boy," said he, "if any body has used you ill, don't be afraid of their power; take what satisfaction

“tisfaction you please, I’ll stand by you.”

—— Lord Belfont immediately interfered :

“good general, my good old friend, I beg your

“pardon ; this young gentleman is now strongly

“recommended to my care, and that too, by one

“of the best men in the world ; such a recom-

“mendation, as none but a man of merit could

“have had ; and as he is under my care, I must

“insist upon it, that he passes by every thing that

“has been done : I’ll answer for his meeting no

“more insults ; particularly, I’ll be answerable

“that Col. Morrice, shall make him an apology,

“and that I hope will satisfy Mr. Stanley. You

“will forgive me, general, for taking the liberty

“of contradicting you ; but it really would not

“seem well in the eye of the world, that our

“friend immediately on his return to you, should

“have a quarrel on his hands.” “Well, lord

“Belfont, replied the general, I believe you may

“be right ; what say, you my boy?” “Indeed,

“Sir, answered George, I find myself at this

“moment, much more inclined to rejoice at my

“present good fortune, in knowing that you ne-

“ver thought ill of me, and in seeing I have the

“honour of my lord’s friendship, than desirous

“of revenging any injuries.” Mr. Stanley had

scarce finished this modest pacific answer, when

the colonel himself came in, to pay his compli-

ments to the general ; and George losing a little

of that peaceful temper he was in a moment before, stepped up to the colonel, saying, in a sort of whisper, "Sir, I think I am in your
 "debt; here, Sir, is the half-crown you lent me;
 "there may be some interest due on it; do me
 "the favour of letting me know where I shall
 "wait on you, to make the proper return for
 "all the obligations I owe you." The colonel was vexed, and a little at a loss what answer to give; not that he feared any man, but his own interest was not so strong, as to make it adviseable for him to enter the lists with a young man, immediately under the protection of general Ironside; so that he was not displeased to see lord Belfont interfere. His lordship indeed interfered in such a manner, as plainly shewed the colonel, that general Ironside was not Mr. Stanley's sole patron; which made him still more ready to extricate himself from an affair, in which he certainly had not behaved very well; he made Mr. Stanley an awkward apology, and so this affair ended; tho' not without lord Belfont's reprimanding George, in a friendly manner, for his hastiness. The old general in some measure joined his lordship, tho' in reality, he was highly pleased with the spirit of his boy.

As neither of his friends understood what the half-crown they had heard him mention alluded to, George was obliged to explain it: and if lord Belfont was offended at his hastiness but a moment before, he now greatly admired his infinite coolness in that moment of vexation, insult, and distress. They dined and supped together with great good humour, and to the thorough satisfaction of every one, except our hero. It seldom happens, that our comforts and satisfactions are compleat and unmixed; there is always something to damp and flatten the relish; either something in nature, or in our own imaginations, that in some degree imbitters all our joys. Not many hours since, Stanley had been in the meanest, and most wretched state, that any gentleman could be reduced to; not one of those whom he would deign to consort with, would have any intercourse with him; and he himself would not condescend to any intimacy with those who were willing to be acquainted with him. A more uncomfortable situation sure no man of any feelings could experience. He was now the companion of two men of the first rank and consequence in the army. What a change was this? With an unlimited credit too, to supply his expences. Could any young man with a situation more honourable, or more com-

comfortable? and yet that one little circumstance that his friend was not there to be a witness of, and to participate in this happy change of his fortune; this one circumstance deadened all his satisfaction, and made him unhappy in the midst of all his joy. As to his new friend, lord Belfont, he parted with him that night, but to meet him next day; in short, they immediately became so intimate, that they were scarce ever asunder.

Lord Belfont was no common person; he was formed by nature to make a figure in whatever character he appeared in. 'Till he was twenty-two he had been a younger brother, designed for the church, and had read a prodigious deal; and digested it extremely well. The death of his elder brother then brought him to a title, tho' it presented him with no large estate to support his dignity. He saw he could not live in the manner he thought suitable to his rank, without some addition; he therefore immediately accepted a commission, and had so successfully applied himself to his profession, that there was no man in the service from whom more was expected, than from lord Belfont. His Majesty too had employed him, young as he was, (for he was not now above thirty-three) in some negotiations; wherein he acquitted himself in such a manner as did honour to his abilities: add to this, that the elegance of his manners, the easiness of his
tem-

temper, the constant gaiety of his disposition, made him the admiration of the court. Yet imagine not that this man of learning, this able soldier, this skilful negotiator, directed his life by the strict rule of reason ; far from it ; there was no fashionable folly that he was not at the head of ; he drank hard, play'd deep, and wench'd excessively : this man whom senates listened to with admiration, would also spend hours in *small talk*, as prettily as any page ; — not but the conversation of men of letters would have been more agreeable to him ; yet was he seldom seen in such company : which is not surprising, for in truth your men of learning are not always of a social turn. I would not indeed presume to hint, that your learned critick, or deep divine, never loves his bottle, or his three bottles ; but then they drink with the same face that they read, or preach ; there is not in them that relaxation of countenance, that joy of spirit, that ease, and good humour, which gives life to the glass, and is the soul of company. This prevented lord Belfont from spending much of his time among men of thought and sobriety ; but then again, among those who were gay, lively, free, and open, there was generally such a dearth of knowledge, such a poverty of understanding, such a want of meaning, that he plainly found all his pleasures were insincere : No wonder then, if he valued a man of Stanley's understanding

standing and knowledge, with a lively disposition, as a treasure. This young man had a very good constitution, and thought himself too much honoured in his lordship's intimate friendship, not to venture it in his company ; so that he now led directly the same life as his lordship ; he did not indeed forget to whom it was, that he owed his being able to live in this manner, nor to acknowledge it in his letters to his parents. I will not say more of these letters, than that they were such as satisfied his own mind, and eased theirs. He assured them, that he already had enjoy'd the satisfaction of obeying their commands in one instance, for he had refused a commission, which had been pressed on him by both his great friends : he had written also to Mr. Sims, in the warmest terms, and forgot not to enquire after his friend Martin. Of lord Belfont he spoke in such terms, as gave his tutor great satisfaction ; for he had entertained some doubts that the recommendations of an university-friend, might after several years absence have little weight. He inclosed a letter too from my lord, that gave the tutor no less satisfaction, to find his pupil so highly in his lordship's esteem.

Lord Belfont and Stanley, were one day walking about the outlines of the camp, when they were struck with the groans of one near them ; and turning round, saw an old man endeavouring to lay

lay another gently on the earth. Roused with the sight, they directly ran to the object. Lord Belfont reaching it first, was raising the man from the ground, when, how great was his astonishment! to see Stanley, as soon as he discovered the face, clasp the miserable object in his arms, who staring at him was just able to say, "Stanley is it—" "you?"—and fainted away. Lord Belfont was all astonishment; but this was no time for questions: He called for help, for Stanley seemed petrified with grief and horror: a tear, a sigh, a groan now and then escaped him; but he spoke not, 'till seeing the wretched object of his concern placed in a warm bed, he turned to his noble friend, "This, my lord, is my dear, my ever dear friend, Martin!—O! that villain who sent him home!—but"—and he bit his lips—then turning his eyes on his friend, he had the pleasure to see that friend so far recovered as to smile; if it might be called a pleasure, for it seemed the smile of one, who weary of this world, was just preparing to leave it. By degrees, however, he recovered strength enough to speak, which he seemed much inclined to do: but the physicians saying he wanted rest, and that speaking would hurt him, Stanley was prevailed on to leave him alone for a while.

C H A P. XI.

Never contradict your friend while he is in a passion.

L O R D Belfont and George were scarcely out of the room, when the latter cried out, "O that monster, villain, Morrice! he has murdered the best, the worthiest man that ever lived: but if I live!—I'll"—"Stay, good Stanley, returned his lordship, "we are now too near Mr. Martin to speak of any thing; we may disturb him; come home with me, we'll consider what is to be done." Done! what should be done!" (returned the other hastily,) "but punish that vile, that"—"Nay, Mr. Stanley! repress your anger here: to shew it now can only tend to make it ineffectual; come with me, I'll give you my honour there is nothing you ought to do, that I will not, heart and hand, assist you in: But be quiet 'till we have considered the manner we ought to act in;—upon my honour I will not desert you." Oh, lord Belfont, returned the other eagerly, how infinitely am I obliged to you! forgive my intemperance; I am sure you would not wonder at it, you would fully forgive it, if you knew the worth of that dear, excellent man, my
"friend."

friend." "Dear Stanley, I admire the warmth
 "and tenderness of your friendship, but I intreat
 "you let us say no more here." They then walk-
 ed on silently 'till they came to his lordship's ;
 and being now alone, lord Belfont took hold of
 his hand, saying, "Mr. Stanley, ever since I
 "knew you, I have esteemed you greatly, but I
 "never observed any thing in you more meritorious
 "than the honest indignation you have expressed
 "against the man who has injur'd your friend; if
 "revenge is ever justifiable, sure it is on such an
 "occasion; and depend on it, I will stand by you.

The human mind is like a rolling machine on
 a declivity ; once set in motion, it is very difficult
 to stop its course ; tho' any little thing it meets in
 its way, may alter its direction : So it was with
 Stanley ; his mind was just before agitated with
 rage, anger and revenge ; it was not less in agita-
 tion now, but it look'd a different way ; the pu-
 nishment of Col. Morrice was then its goal, and
 now it had nothing in view, but the kindness and
 generosity of lord Belfont. He almost fell on
 his knees ; he embraced lord Belfont ; all his an-
 ger appeared to be forgot, and his whole soul
 seemed softened into one glow of gratitude.

Lord Belfont had seen, with great pain, the fury
 of Mr. Stanley's mind ; and was very anxious for
 what

what might be the effect. He was a thorough
 master of the human heart, and knew that our
 passions are not to be overcome by opposition;
 he had therefore contradicted him in nothing,
 nor pretended to reason with him: but now he
 caught hold of the first meltings of his
 heart, and proceeding, "Sit down, Stanley, and
 "let us now, my friend, examine what we are
 "to do; and prythee let us not through our passi-
 "ons, give fools and bad men any advantage
 "over us! I have told you, I have promised to
 "assist you as if you were my brother, but as I
 "have seen more of the world than my brother,
 "he will I am sure suffer me in some measure
 "to guide and direct him. I would not prevent
 "his doing any thing, that a man of worth and
 "honour ought to do: Will you therefore,
 "be ruled by me." "Ah! lord Belfont,
 "what can I say? How shall I thank you?
 "Yes, my dear good lord, direct, govern,
 "rule me, I will not go a step but as you lead
 "me." "Well, Stanley," reply'd his lordship,
 "then you shall go as far as you ought and no
 "farther: First we will find out how Mr. Mar-
 "tin came reduced to that deplorable condition;
 "if, as we imagine, Morrice was the cause.—
 "O God" cried Stanley, "O God never forgive
 "me my sins, unless"—"Aye, then our revenge
 "shall take full scope," reply'd his lordship.

"But

“ But, Stanley, ’tis not sufficient that we ourselves
 “ know we are right ; men of honour must take
 “ care to act so, that the world approve what they
 “ do ; we will therefore examine this affair to the
 “ bottom, and when the world is convinced of
 “ the guilt of those who have injured us, then,
 “ then my friend, we may safely venture to pu-
 “ nish.” Thus his lordship went on, ’till by
 degrees he observed to Stanley, that it was possible
 Morrice had no hand in it ; and therefore to call
 him to an account without a certainty of his
 being concerned in the affair, would only make
 themselves ridiculous. It was then resolved,
 they should return to Mr. Martin ; and
 George positively promised his friend, that
 if he met Col. Morrice, any where, he
 would not take the least notice of the affair.
 They found Mr. Martin still very weak, he had
 slept about half an hour, and the physicians
 assured them, there was nothing dangerous
 in any symptoms that appeared on him ; they for-
 bad much talking, so that it was not ’till about
 three days after, that he was able to give them
 the account they so much longed to hear.

When he was grown a little stronger, at several
 times he gave them the following account,
 which we shall give the reader without the fre-
 quent interruptions his weakness obliged him to
 make.

We

We may premise, that colonel Morrice could not have had a more grateful office, than what Sir Robert Martin employed him in ; for by acting conformably to the baronet's desire, he made sure of his wife's fortune, without the delay or expence of a law suit ; and then too, Sir Robert's perverseness in refusing to pay his sister's fortune, had not made the colonel very fond of the family of the Martins, and he had something so little and mean in his disposition, that he was well enough pleased to have it in his power to use one of them ill : so that, when, as we before related, he had got permission to send Mr. Martin from the army, he ordered him to be brought before him, and accosted him thus : " Well, young man, are you refractory still ?" Sir, replied the other, " I know no power you " have over me." " Oh ! you shall soon be convinced of that, returned the colonel ; here do " you see what my brother writes, *send the run-* " *away bound neck and heels* ; now by G—d, if " you an't quiet, I shall order you to be hand- " cuffed, and so led away like a ———." O ! monstrous ! cry'd out the other ! is this possible, and are you my uncle ? " Ay faith, returned the " colonel, it is possible, and don't talk of uncles ; " see your *father* desires it." " Well then, Sir, " says Martin, since I must go, if not for my " sake,

“fake, at least for your own credit, let me go
 “away like a gentleman; order my sword to
 “be given me back.” But Martin happened
 not to speak this, with that pretty ease that a
 pretty gentleman commonly calls to his man for
 his sword, that it may dangle with a genteel
 negligence at his side; there either was, or the
 colonel thought there was, something in Martin’s
 manner of asking for his sword, that looked as
 if he did not want it simply for an ornament.
 He therefore turned short on him, “No dam-me,
 “you shall have no sword; here serjeant, leave
 “your sword behind you, and wear his to Eng-
 “land: in one word, do you hear young man,
 “a good party will see you beyond the camp;
 “then the serjeant and two men will attend
 “you to England. I’ve given the serjeant an
 “old coat of my own, to indulge your
 “pride, that you may seem in company with an
 “officer; and these two fellows will pass for
 “your servants, unless you make it needful for
 “’em to shew that they are your masters: the ser-
 “jeant has money, so that you need want for
 “nothing: here take away your prisoner, and
 “dam-me, pinion him if he grows saucy.” And
 thus he was led off.

The serjeant was a fellow brought up under
 the colonel’s own hand; and a thorough-paced
 rogue

rogue he was : he had been long a soldier, in which noble profession he had lost his humanity, without gaining the least spark of honour. The other two fellows yielded perhaps to none in the whole army, except their present commander, the serjeant, in iniquity : so that had there been no other inconvenience, than travelling in such company, a man of Martin's turn was to be pitied ; and the more so, as they had seen, from the colonel's manner, that their behaving extremely ill to their prisoner, was one of those misdemeanours he would not punish very severely. The two private men soon lost their respect for the commander serjeant ; they insisted on their dining all together ; which the serjeant, who would fain have preserved his pre-eminence, opposed all he could ; but the fellows were too necessary to be contradicted. They frequently squabbled, yet Martin could reap no benefit from their dissensions ; for the colonel had, besides his own favour, made them expect mountains of gold from Sir Robert ; so that they were unanimous in watching young Martin very closely ; nor did Martin understand the least of the language ; so that he could not, in any of the towns they passed through, make any attempt to avail himself of the humanity of the people ; till at last it occurred to him, to say he was ill, and beg a physician : the serjeant did not give much credit to his being ill

however he did not oppose his having a physician ; as he resolved to be present all the while, and act himself as interpreter. He agreed to it the rather too, because as he knew himself to be pay-master, he hoped to prevail on the doctor to advise travelling, as the best thing for his health. The doctor came, and Martin accosting him in latin, began to tell him his case, and the serjeant finding he was not to be interpreter, immediately turned the doctor out of the room ; who tho' he could not collect much from the few words Martin had said, yet from the serjeant's behaviour concluded there was some roguery, and immediately acquainted the governor ; and a few minutes after our serjeant and his fellows found themselves prisoners, and Martin was well enough to attend them.

They were all conducted instantly to the governor. Martin hoped all his troubles were now at an end ; he had indeed some little fear, that the governor might not understand latin ; he knew that would be an extraordinary thing in Germany : but his fears were vain, for the governor understood him very well, and he laid before him, in no inelegant manner, the hardship of his case ; and, in fine, most earnestly besought his protection. The serjeant did not at all understand Martin, but he was even with him ;

him, for neither did Martin understand him, when he addressed the governor in German, which he spoke very glibly. Besides shewing the uncle's letters to the father, which he desired the governor to open, he mentioned certain facts, for the veracity of which he did not imagine the governor could apply to Mr. Martin. He represented him as a wild extravagant youth, whom his uncle was sending home to save him from ruin: nor did he forget to hint at his having been taken up for a spy. Martin had spoke a little hardly of his uncle,—had confessed that he came to the army without his father's consent;—but not having understood the serjeant, he could not clear up those points the fellow had artfully insisted on, and which some of his own confessions gave colour to. There was something in Martin's manner that pleased the governor, and on the whole, he imagined him to be a wild extravagant, that was worth saving. He politely refused reading the colonel's letters, and would not take Martin out of the hands of his guards, merely from a regard to him; who finding himself foiled he knew not how, made a push to have his sword at least restored him, but the serjeant at the governor's ordering it, cry'd out, then he'd guard him no farther, for he was a bloody-minded fellow; that he had made the same request to his uncle, who knew him best, and who had absolutely forbid

them to let him have his sword; the governor in a decent way asked Martin whether his uncle had forbid it? Had he boldly ventured on a lye, he had regained his sword at once; and if he had, perhaps many would have thought it pardonable; but use here, as in every thing, is of great advantage: Martin, unluckily, had not been at all practised in that ingenious, most thriving, most useful art, *lying*, so that it never once occurred to him to contradict the serjeant; and he was again disappointed. The governor recommending patience to Mr. Martin, dismissed them, with a strict charge however to the fellows, to treat the young gentleman with all the respect and decency due to him; which the fellows promised to do, tho' it was no regard to their words that did not make them use him ten times worse than ever; which they were very well inclined to do, for they owed him no small grudge for this trick of the doctor, which they saw had well nigh robbed them of their prey, by at once exposing them to the resentment of the colonel, and depriving them of the reward they expected from Sir Robert.

C H A P. XII.

It is sometimes of service to seem well pleased, tho' inwardly we are heartily vexed.

NOTWITHSTANDING their great dissatisfaction at Mr. Martin's attempt to free himself, yet were his guards now a little afraid of him; one thing they were determined on, that were he dying no doctor should come near him. The serjeant was certainly the best head among them, and their fears now made the other two submit to his direction; the serjeant convinced them, that it would be next to impossible to convey him to England, if he was determined against it, that he would be always trying some scheme, and that they must not always expect to come off as well as they had from the governor: It was then determined entirely to alter their behaviour. The serjeant agreed that he would not himself sit down at table with Mr. Martin; in every thing they were to shew him great respect; to endeavour by all means to make him easy; and as he was now so far from the army, and had no money in his pocket, they hoped (as it were) to wheedle him on to his journey's end. Martin when he saw a table laid for himself only, the fellows attending, and shewing him great respect, did

did not know what to make of it ; after dinner only one staid in the room, the serjeant too made an apology for troubling him with that one constantly: All this was matter of great wonder and surprize to Martin, nor could he divine what was their drift ; 'till by the shrewd shrugs and hints of the fellows themselves he saw their aim. Instantly he resolved to take his own measures accordingly ; he seemed highly pleased and satisfied with every thing ; the serjeant strutted, swelled, and valued himself for his contrivance, and the other fellows admiring his sagacity, shewed him no small respect: Martin hoped from their security that he should find an opportunity to escape, but he had learn'd enough of the military to know that he ought not to decamp 'till he was prepared for a march ; and he had not one penny in his pocket. To remedy this, he entered with great good humour into discourse with the fellow on guard, when they were in an inn ; and at length, with a sigh, said he would make him drink, but alas he had no money, " Ah bless your honour," cried the fellow, " be sure 'tis a pity such a *gem-*
" man, should be without money." Mr. Martin then proposed, that he should engage his comrade to join him, and so to out-vote the serjeant, that the purse might be put into his hands ; and he promised them a very handsome gratuity ; but the fellow knew the serjeant too well, to think he

would mind them in that case, “ O la, master, no,
 “ no. Serjeant, I knows, will never part with the
 “ purse, I am sure he won’t ; but beseure your ho-
 “ nour ought to have something in your pocket,
 “ and comrade and I will join for that :” Mar-
 tin, promised them a fourth of whatever they got
 for him. Accordingly, the first time they were all
 together, Martin asked the serjeant for some mo-
 ney ; who answered, that cash grew low, and so
 forth ; when, to his no small surprise, he found
 both the soldiers against him. He imagined,
 that these fellows did this to ingratiate themselves
 with their prisoner, who, when he got home,
 might be of service to them, by his representation
 of their behaviour. He had now no fear of Mar-
 tin, whom he thought reconciled to his journey,
 and he was resolved not to enhance the merit of
 his comrades by his opposition : he therefore gave
 him a six and thirty shilling piece, swearing hear-
 tily he should have more, but that he had scarcely
 enough left to carry them to their journey’s end.
 Martin took his six and thirty which he saw
 could be of little use to him, with an heavy heart ;
 but he was no sooner alone with the serjeant,
 than he found himself, much to his satisfaction,
 addressed with a “ Sir, you must have observed
 “ these *fellers* are very extravagant rascals ; I
 “ have had a hard hand to make the Colonel’s
 “ money hold out, *howsoever*, I have a small
 “ matter

“ matter of my own, that they know nothing of;
 “ an old fellow foldier that is married and fet up in
 “ this town, has been about me, and wants me to
 “ lend it him ; he promifes me his note indeed for
 “ half as much more; but if your honour has a
 “ mind for something in your pocket, for be fure
 “ it must be a wrong thing for fuch a gemman to
 “ have nothing in his pocket, your honour is wel-
 “ come to it.” “ I thank you, ferjeant, pray how
 “ much may it be ?” replied Martin. He was an-
 fwered “ Seven guineas, Sir, that I was carrying
 “ home to my poor wife : aye poor Madg will be
 “ glad to fee old Toby. As I was faying, Sir, ’tis
 “ feven guineas, and would you believe it, an old
 “ fellow foldier, as I was faying, that’s fettled here,
 “ offered to give me ten guineas for it, on my re-
 “ turn, but I had rather by half ferve your ho-
 “ nour ; not that I want to get any thing by it, for
 “ blood ! is’nt it better to ferve fuch an honourable
 “ gemman, that may ferve one again ? To be
 “ fure, if your honour will accept it for nothing,
 “ you’re welcome, but belike, fuch a gemman as
 “ your honour wont let a poor man like I, lofe
 “ what he might have got :” “ O no, ferjeant, I
 “ am obliged to you” replied Martin, “ for pre-
 “ ferring me ; here, order pen and ink, and I will
 “ give you a note for the ten ; you must too let
 “ me do a little more than the poor foldier, I must
 “ give you a crown to drink.” “ O Lord, blefs

“your honour! d——n——tion! what pity
 “’tis so fine a gemman should ever want mo-
 “ney!” The serjeant had his pen and ink ready,
 and while Martin was writing his note, the fel-
 low ran on, “that dam him, it was a pity he
 “should leave the army! so pretty a gemman! I
 “am sure my heart melted in me; I never was
 “ordered on so disagreeable a service in my life,
 “dam me! but you know, Sir, I must obey, and
 “rat me if ever I was ordered on a service in my
 “life I liked so damn’d ill; but you know, Sir, I
 “could not dispute my colonel’s commands:”
 and then added, “Sir, if your honour pleases, I should
 “be glad, for you know the colonel is a hard
 “man, may be he won’t allow it me, so if your
 “honour pleases to add the six and thirty.” There
 was nothing unreasonable in this, so Martin gave
 him a note for twelve pound six, and the serjeant
 delivered him the seven guineas: The crafty vete-
 ran had too taken care to put some silver among it,
 that Martin might be able to perform his promise
 about the crown, which he immediately did, and
 in return, the serjeant God-blessed his honour,
 and beg’d him not to let his comrades know what
 he had done to serve his honour. The other fel-
 lows then coming in, the serjeant was employed
 in casting up his accounts in his muster book, and
 turning to Martin, “Sir,” says he, “would your
 “honour please yourself to write here, that you
 “re-

“received the six and thirty;” Martin could not but stare at his impudence, however he did not chuse to dispute; he took the pen and inserted the item of the six and thirty. On the serjeant’s leaving the room, he was reminded by the other two, how useful they had been to him; Martin understood them, and flung them half a guinea, the fellows stared a little at his having half a guinea, but satisfied themselves with the possession, and enquired no farther how he came by it.

Thus poor Martin, after giving a note for twelve pound six shillings, and charging his uncle with one pound sixteen, found himself master of little more in reality, than eight pounds; however, with this he hoped to find his way back to the army. His good fortune for once favoured him. The fellows, who against their natures had hitherto been very sober, seeing Mr. Martin in all appearance easy and content, thought it needless to keep a restraint on themselves any longer; they resolved that night to make merry; in their cups they quarrelled with some of the company; were carried before a magistrate, and committed to the house of correction: The landlord who had not been paid his reckoning, immediately ran up to Martin’s chamber, and awaking him, called for his money; but alas to little purpose, as Martin could neither understand what he said, or make

himself understood, 'till the landlord recollected, that a Friar was below, from whom Martin learn'd that his guards were themselves prisoners : With great wrath at the landlord's incivility, he paid the reckoning, and with vast inward satisfaction left the house ; tho' the landlord, on seeing his abilities to pay, would fain have persuaded him to stay longer. As he was passing through the outer room, he saw the serjeant's sword, which, as it happened in reality to be his own, he scrupled not to carry off, though he made no enquiry about their baggage ; which the honest landlord and his wife, the next morning when the fellows were released, swore positively that Martin had carried off. The fellows did not believe this, but it was so positively sworn to, that they had no remedy. They were all sunk in great despair, but the serjeant was ready to hang himself ; his cloaths stolen, his prize got off, just when he thought he had him sure ; his money too all lost, for he little expected ever to see Martin again : so that he set no value on his note, and then he did not dare to charge, or even to mention it to the colonel, after suffering Martin to escape : But to leave these fellows cursing their folly, let us look after Mr. Martin.

C H A P. XIII.

The man who intends soon to come to his journey's end, should not walk too fast.

MR. Martin had now some gold in his pocket, a sword in his hand, and was master of himself; he had a long and disagreeable journey to make, and at the end of it had no reason to hope for much ease or comfort: but this had no weight with him. At the end of that journey he expected to meet his friend, and in that friend's company his warm imagination painted every thing in soft and agreeable colours. Without attempting to get a bed, he walked about 'till the opening of the town gates in the morning. He resolved, long as the journey was, to go it on foot: every horse or carriage, made him leave the road, as he feared it might be his guards in pursuit, but his apprehensions were vain, for those seven guineas he had borrowed, were in fact not as the serjeant had represented, money of his own, but part of the colonel's, and so considerable a part too, that it absolutely disabled a pursuit, had there been no other hindrance; which there was, for these fellows spent that time in squabbling for their cloaths, which they ought to have em-

played in looking for Martin, who was making the best of his way ; and so intent was he on his journey that by noon he had walked thirty English miles. But he had made more haste than good speed, for he was then constrained to lie by ; his feet were quite bare ; he had with great difficulty reached a poor lonely little cottage, and here he was obliged to take a lodging, which with great difficulty was granted him ; his legs swelled, his back was full of pains, his flesh was sore, and every joint as it were unset : At night a fever seized him, and that too so violently that it had been impossible for him to have recovered, but for one lucky circumstance, which was, that neither doctor, surgeon, or apothecary, were within some miles of him, and his constitution had fair play. In about ten days the fever left him, but he was still too weak to think of moving, indeed it was some time before he was able to crawl round a little bit of dirty ground which they called a garden ; the woman, weary of his company, insisted on being paid, and laid her charge at just about what she imagined Martin to be worth : and that he had six and thirty shillings left, was entirely owing to a mistake of his landlady, who, when she was searching his pockets in his illness, finding money in one pocket, did not think of searching further ; and Martin had happened to put his first six and thirty shilling

shilling piece in a different pocket from the other money. After a month's delay, he again set out on foot ; his good fortune seemed once more to befriend him, for as he was going through a sandy lane, a German baron passing by in his chaise, happened to take notice of him ; for indeed it was next to impossible to see so miserable an object and not to be struck with it : He was thin, pale, lean, weak, and wan ; the baron was touched with the misery of his appearance, he stopped, asked him some questions in high Dutch, Mr. Martin at once ventured to answer him in latin, " That he
 " had the misfortune not to understand the lan-
 " guage of the country, that he was an English-
 " man, and a gentleman, going to serve his King." The baron, who perfectly well understood latin, happened to be one of those who are great admirers of the English, and think them the bravest nation on earth, *next their own* ; he no sooner heard him say that he was an Englishman, than he was very inquisitive, and so well satisfied with Martin's answers, that he ordered his domestick, who was in the chaise with him, to mount a led horse, and then he took Martin into the chaise. The more he conversed with him, the more he liked him, in so much, that he took him to his own house ; and when his guest was strong enough to travel, he even furnished him with money to carry him to the army. He gave him two letters to some persons of rank
 in

in the English service, desiring their protection, if his uncle attempted any thing unfair against him. This, it may be said, was a great deal for a stranger to do ! it was so, and therefore those who please to doubt the fact, may suppose all this unnatural ; but let me say, there are still in the world men of very good understandings, who have great good nature ; who, when a story is told them by a man they see in real distress, are not afraid of being thought too credulous when they suppose their distresses brought on by the very means the unhappy relator attributes them to : such an one was this worthy baron. But poor Martin's distresses were not yet at an end, for before he could reach the camp, but not 'till he was almost in sight of it, he was attacked by robbers, who left him for dead on the ground : an honest boor soon after passing by, and finding some remains of life, carried him to his own hut, and gave him all the little assistance in his power : and when he was so far recovered as just to be able to walk, at his earnest intreaty the poor man brought him to the camp. But the walk was vastly too much for him, so that wearied and spent he was obliged to lie down on the earth, when his groans reached lord Belfont and Stanley, as we have already seen.

When

When Stanley heard all that his friend had suffered, he was far from not thinking that col. Morrice deserved the worst of punishment, as the cause of it all; and as his friend was then in a fair way of recovery, he suffered himself to be prevailed on by lord Belfont, and even by Martin himself, who thought that however ill his uncle had behaved to him, yet as he was his uncle, it would ill become any friend of his, to have a quarrel with him: besides, the colonel had been to wait on him, and shewed him all the civility in his power. The old general, indeed, who was a constant visitor of Martin's, was somewhat inclined to let George have his way, but lord Belfont over-ruled him, and Stanley promised to be quiet; which, as hath been already intimated, he was the more inclined to be, as Mr. Martin was in so promising a way of recovery.

C H A P. XIV.

It is a good thing to have the use of both hands.

STANLEY had great satisfaction in the hopes of seeing Mr. Martin soon abroad, for there was a friendly dispute between the old general and lord Belfont, which of them should have him in his corps: Lord Belfont had a pair of colours vacant, which he designed for him; the general had a lieutenancy void, and swore he should not stay five days under the colours. Stanley was himself bound up from accepting a commission, which had at first given him no small uneasiness, but now that he saw his friend's interest doubled by it, it gave him great pleasure: On this occasion he thought himself intitled to make a free use of his letters of credit. Mr. Martin was willing that his friend should enable him to repay the money he had been so kindly furnished with by the worthy baron, to whom he wrote in that warm and affectionate manner, that his goodness had deserved from him. He wished too to be able to reward the humanity of the honest boor, who had taken care of him; indeed Stanley, lord Belfont, the old general, and most of their acquaintance, were so liberal to the poor man, that he now thought himself a rich one. Martin

was

was very unwilling to put his friend to much expence, but Stanley, in spite of all his remonstrances, supplied him with every thing that could be useful, convenient, or creditable to a young man entering the service. It was in this, his heart found the sweetest gratification from the change in his own fortunes ; but all his joy and satisfaction was overthrown at once, by his servants waking him one morning hastily, crying, “ Sir, Mr. Martin’s wounds bleed afresh, and he “ desires to see you ;” Stanley was not a minute throwing on his cloaths, and was in an instant at Mr. Martin’s. He had been so used to carry his sword always with him, that even in all this hurry he had snatched it up ; in the passage to Martin’s room, who should he meet coming out, but col. Morrice ; he would have passed him without notice in his hurry, but that the colonel seeing his haste, happened to say, “ You need not hurry yourself now Sir,” Stanley looked on this as an information of his friend’s death, and as much as telling him, he was too late to take his last unhappy farewell : Seeing a room door open, he entered, saying, “ Sir, I beg to speak to you,” the colonel walked in,—Stanley instantly locking the door, turned on the other, crying, “ Murdering villain, “ do you exult too ?” and drawing his own sword, added, “ Defend yourself :” What mean you” said the other, coolly, “ I see no cause of offence, I
“ will

“ will not draw.” Stanley more enraged at his coolness, ran up to him, saying, “ Damn’d villain, is it now you affect coolness? Draw this instant, or I’ll beat out your brains with the hilt of my sword.”——“ Sir,” says the other, and was making to the door, but Stanley stopping him seized his collar, saying, “ I knew you were a villain, but did not ’till now think you were a coward; take that,” and struck him. The colonel then immediately drew, and had done so sooner, for he was no coward, but he knew what friends Stanley had; he concluded they, at all events, would blame him: In prudence therefore, he would have avoided a quarrel with Stanley, but seeing it unavoidable, he drew with resolution enough. He was rather a better swordsman than Stanley, yet in an instant he found himself wounded in the sword arm; and at the same time received a little scratch on his right breast: the colonel was not a little vexed to find himself disabled at the first push, by one he looked on as a boy; but still he retained his natural coolness, saying, “ Sir, yours is the good fortune of the day, I am disabled in the sword arm.” “ Sword arm,” answered the other, “ sure a soldier can never want an arm for his sword, while one arm is left,” and instantly taking his own into his left hand, continued, “ Here, Sir, you see we are now on a level, for I give you my honour, I

“wont use my right arm.” Now there was one thing never occurred to Stanley, that tho’ *he* could only use his sword in his right hand, yet it was very little difference to the colonel which hand he used; this, Stanley knew nothing of, and the colonel said nothing, but, a good deal piqued, took up his sword, and it was not long before Stanley was wounded in the groin: The noise had now brought several people to the door, who, finding no admittance broke it open, just as Stanley fell.

The noise was too near Mr. Martin’s room not to reach him. He was one of the first who entered; when he saw his friend fallen, his grief and vexation were a while too great for utterance: Suddenly then he turned to find the colonel, who had happily quitted the room. Lost in amazement, poor Martin silently attended his friend, who had lost a great deal of blood, and was now too weak to clear up the affair, but turning his eyes to Martin, he just said, “How! is this my friend? “do I see you well; O’tis a satisfaction I never “expected.”—Martin was surprized to hear what he said, but saw him too weak to explain himself. With an aking heart he conveyed him to his own bed: The surgeons who were in a hurry sent for, were not there so soon as lord Belfont and general Ironside: so quickly had the

rumour reached their ears; and the instant they heard of their friend's misfortune, they flew to him.

Lord Belfont was now the only man that preserved a due presence of mind. Martin was lost in grief, the general without asking questions, concluded Morrice to blame, and, in a rage, he resolved to take the punishment of the colonel on himself: He called Stanley his child, his pupil, an injury to him was an outrage on himself. But lord Belfont, with all the pain a friendly heart must feel, on seeing the danger of a man he loved, still prudently interposed. He did not tell the general that revenge might be improper, but accosted him, "Dear general, I will not pretend to say, I love or esteem Stanley more than you do; but I am the younger officer of us two, and let it not be said, that the younger left the revenge of his friend's wrongs to the older: "Older, Sir," replied the other, a little warmly, "I am still"—"Yes, my dear general, interrupted Belfont, "I said older, I might have added, our friend could no where have an abler or braver defender; but you know 'tis a sort of rule, that the youngest of the corps shall draw first: Suffer me then to have the care of our unfortunate friend's honour." "By my faith" says the general, "I don't understand
" your

“ your taking care of his honour; in one word,
 “ either you or I must fight that rascal before
 “ night: You say you are youngest, take it then,
 “ if not, say no more,——I’ll do it.” “ I am
 “ sorry, general,” replied his lordship, “ You
 “ can suppose I want pressing to do a thing my
 “ honour requires of me, I hoped general Iron-
 “ side had a better opinion of me.” “ Opinion of
 “ thee, Belfont! s’death I know thee brave as
 “ Cæsar, but rat it, I know too you are so damn’d
 “ cool a fellow, that this dog may slip through
 “ both our fingers; and after his insult on this
 “ brave dear boy, so publickly known to be
 “ under our protection, that would be a real
 “ disgrace to us both.” “ Well, general, he
 “ shall not evade us, but we must first of all see
 “ how this affair happened; you shall not need to
 “ push me forward, you have often commanded
 “ me, and I always thought it an honour to be
 “ under your command; for once my good brave
 “ old friend, let me rule: Leave this to me.”
 “ Well, Belfont, well said,” said the general,
 “ I, I, don’t know how it is, you always persuade
 “ me to what you please, do as you will;
 “ God preserve our brave boy.”——

CHAP. XV.

Bad news flies fast.

LORD Belfont, who was no stranger to Stanley's temper, or to his little regard for Morrice, feared greatly that this affair was owing some how to his friend's impetuosity : On enquiry he found the affair to be thus.

The physicians had, the night before, ordered Martin to lose a little blood ; in the morning the binding had come off, and his arm had bled a little, but so far from any danger, or even alarm to Martin, that he was very coolly assisting the nurse to bind it up, when he called to his man, to step to Mr. Stanley, and tell him, he would be glad to speak with him as soon as he was up. The fellow, seeing some spots of blood on the sheet, asked the nurse what was the matter ? who answered, ' Master's arm bled afresh ; ' Whether he understood really that his wounds had broke out afresh, or whether it was merely from a love of the marvellous, of which the common people are most wonderfully fond ; the fellow running as if life and death depended on his haste, met col. Morrice in the way, and stopped to tell him a formal story of his master's wounds breaking out afresh :

afresh: The colonel really a little concerned at the account, hastened to his nephew; and was just coming out again, when the same fool's alarm had brought Stanley thither. Had the latter had a moment's patience, he had saved himself and his friends much trouble. But at the moment his heart was full, just then to meet the man whom he imagined the murderer of his friend, this was too much for his constitution; alas, what a creature is man, or of what use to him his boasted reason? let but the least wind of prejudice blow the coals of passion, and all is instantly in a flame; in a moment our very virtues become the parents of vice and folly. *You need not be in a hurry now, Sir,* these words spoken by any other, had produced no effect, but spoke by him, Stanley's prepossessions represented them as insolence and outrage, and his heart at that moment, full of a resentment dictated only by friendship, (the noblest and worthiest inhabitant of the human breast,) that very inhabitant induced him to aim at the life of a man, who then meant him no harm.

When the whole transaction was known, even the general was well pleased that he had been restrained by lord Belfont: All they had now left, was to grieve for the danger Stanley was in. As to the circumstance of fighting with the left hand, the colonel did not chuse to mention it, and

Stanley

Stanley thought it might seem to imply, that he was a little too sanguinary, and therefore he chose to say nothing of it : He had now the pain and danger of a very ugly wound, and the mortification of knowing he must be universally condemned by the world ; while at the same time, he was not very well pleased with himself. His friend too had the vexation of thinking himself the cause of this misfortune.

Still there was worse behind ; there happened to be in the army one ensign Flamm, a nephew of Mr. Sourgrape's, whom the reader may remember to have seen at the club. Now though Mr. Sourgrape was extremely indulgent to the follies of other young men, and would even advance them money to continue their extravagance ; yet was he very little inclined to allow those who depended on himself, even their necessary expences : So that this young man, Ensign Flamm, who entirely depended on his uncle, was almost always in distress. His uncle was not one whit the more indulgent to him, from his intention of making him his heir. He allowed him little, and always treated him ill ; never was pleased to pay even for a letter from him, nor did the young man ever trouble him, except to beg a little supply, and this he never dared venture to do, unless he had some wonderful and extraordinary news

to favour his uncle with, who was extravagantly fond of having a strange story to tell.

The ensign, the moment he heard of this affair, taking some things for granted, and adding a little of his own, to the several additions he had heard, immediately wrote to his uncle, that his neighbour, Mr. Stanley's son, meeting one col. Morrice, to whom he had a private picque, ran upon him with his drawn sword, and wounded him so desperately that his life was despaired of; but that the colonel drawing in his own defence, had run him through and through the body; and he was since dead of his wounds.—— Now whether Sourgrape had really any thing like a regard for young Stanley, or whether he acted solely in hatred to old Stanley, who had saved more than one young fool from his clutches, whatever was his motive, he hurried to Mr. Stanley's.

As he was very far from being intimate there, the old gentleman was a little surprized at the familiarity of his coming to him in the middle of his dinner; he civilly asked him however, to sit down, and was answered, "Aye, aye,—I don't wonder at it, ——aye to be sure, by G—— his Greek and Latin were of much use to him." Mr. Stanley a little surprized, said, "What is it
"you

“ you are talking of, Mr. Sourgrape ? ” “ Talking of,” answered the other, “ why there, your son,——my nephew Sam has wrote me an account of it, there you may read Sam’s letter,” and the wretch was reaching out to the unhappy father, the cursed scroll that said his son had lost his life in a brawl: The poor mother, whose heart already foreboded the shocking contents, eagerly stretched her hand for it, and in an instant her eye ran over the whole,——but it was more than her heart could bear.——Life seemed for ever fled ;——applications of one sort or other, restored indeed the circulation of her blood, but her senses seemed utterly gone. She knew neither her husband or daughter; and the latter, through her concern for, and attention to, her parents, and her grief for the loss of a brother whom she tenderly loved, became herself in a few days extremely ill. Mr. Stanley was even more to be pitied, whose full possession of his senses let him feel the whole weight of his sorrows : A son killed; a wife he tenderly loved, dying; a daughter dangerously ill; was a heavy load on an heart, that like Mr. Stanley’s was full of sensibility.

C H A P. XVI.

Good news is the best medicine in the world.

TH E whole family made no doubt of young Stanley's death ; for not suspecting a possibility of any others having wrote, he had very early forbid Martin to write, 'till something certain could be said of his condition. It was near a fortnight before they had much hopes of his life ; the moment they thought him out of danger, lord Belfont and Martin both wrote to Mr. Sims, and George himself added a line or two, for his father and mother, in Mr. Martin's. By the time these letters came, Mrs. Stanley had indeed recovered her senses ; but a slow fever still hung on her spirits, and threatned her life. She was so very low and weak, that they thought great caution necessary in the manner of disclosing these letters to her ; lest the joy might overpower her.

Miss Stanley was now pretty well recovered ; to her was left the care of disclosing the good news to her mother. It was with great impatience, this amiable girl waited for her mother's mention of her brother ; a topic she had, du-

ring her illness, continually dwelt upon, to the great uneasiness of her family.

The mother awaking soon from one of those uneasy slumbers that the wretched and unhappy fall into, turned to her daughter, saying, "Fanny, Child, I have been dreaming of my poor unhappy boy. — Poor George !" — The daughter at once caught her words, answering, "My dear mamma, have you been dreaming of my dear brother ? Why then would you believe it, I dreamed of him myself last night : God send our dreams may agree ; and they may say what they will, (I shall think, as in my heart I wish) there is truth in mine." Mrs. Stanley had never found her daughter so willing to talk on this subject before, which had sometimes a little offended her, for an indulgence of her grief was all the satisfaction she sought : She was pleased at her daughter's continuing the conversation, and she went on, "Ah Fanny, your dream cannot be like mine, if you wish your's true, — tho' I scarcely know what mine was ; — I only know they were of my dear child, my dear unhappy child ! — No ! he is happy ! God's will be done ; but Fanny child, what was your dream ?" "Ah mamma," answered the daughter, "I know my pappa wont allow me to tell dreams, and if you forbid me too, or should be

"dis-

“displeased,—why I must hold my tongue; but
 “it was so strong, that I could almost be sure I
 “was awake: It has so affected me, that I am
 “really easier to day than I have been a long
 “while.” “Why, Fanny,” answered the mother,
 “what could be your dream, — to be sure
 “your papa is right, dreams are—but my good
 “child, what could be your dream?” “Why
 “then, mamma,” answered Fanny, “to tell you
 “the truth, I am sure, quite sure, my dear brother
 “is still alive and well;” poor Mrs. Stanley
 sighed, saying, “Prythee, girl, —you mistake;
 “this nonsense is no comfort to me.” “Nay,
 “mamma,” replied Fanny, “if you had seen him
 “as I did, writing a letter to Mr. Sims,” “Bless
 “me child,” said the mother, interrupting her,
 “Child how wildly you talk!—oh my George!
 “would to God! ——— but God’s will be
 “done! I submit.” “Nay, mamma,” urged the
 daughter, “suspend your judgment ’till to-mor-
 “row, nay, perhaps to night; I am so persuaded
 “that we shall have letters, and good news, that
 “I will not desire my mamma ever to love me
 “more, if it don’t happen;” then taking her
 mother’s hand and kissing it, continued, “and I
 “am sure, I would not for the world lose my dear
 “mamma’s love: Nay, I have been thinking
 “since, how strange it is, we should have been so
 “hasty to give credit to that nasty letter; for

"sure if the melancholy accounts had been true,
 "Mr. Martin or lord Belfont would have wrote,
 "if not to papa, to Mr. Sims, at least." "Ah
 "Fanny, Fanny, no! my George and I, please
 "God, shall meet in heaven; but never, never,
 "else." She had talked a little too much, and
 called for her drops. Presently after Mr. Stanley
 came in with a smiling countenance, a thing
 she had not seen during her illness; and Miss
 Stanley resumed her dream, in which her father
 seemed to agree with her: This a little surprised
 Mrs. Stanley, who said to them, "What is all
 "this? Sure you have not any sham letter to im-
 "pose on me, the deceit could last but for a day
 "or two; and do not" added she with a sigh,
 "do not imagine it would be of service to me."
 "My dear," answered the husband, "I know it
 "would not,—do not suspect I would, my dear
 "life, attempt it; but would to God you
 "were a little stronger: To be sure, that Sour-
 "grape and his nephew are very bad men, thus
 "to have alarmed us." "My dear, what, what,
 "what do you mean, is it possible?" Miss Stan-
 ley was ready with the drops, and seeing her mo-
 ther's emotion, applied them;—and her father
 proceeded, "My dear, all things are you know
 "possible to God, compose yourself," "Say,"—
 cried the wife, "say is it possible, my George,
 "my child, should be alive; answer me that, I
 "am

“ am too weak to bear suspense.” “ Yes then, “ my dear,” replied Stanley, “ yes, he is alive, I “ thank God, and pretty well; Sims has letters from “ lord Belfont and Mr. Martin, with a few lines “ from poor George himself.” “ O shew, shew “ me, quick, quick.” “ My dear, my dear, pre- “ sently, presently, but first compose yourself;” “ O, then you have given me false hopes and de- “ ceiv’d me !” here she grew very faint; the hus- band supporting her head, assured her it was true that their son was alive, and she should see his own hand writing as soon as she had rested her- self: The poor woman then composed herself, had Mr. Martin’s letter put into her hand, and had the satisfaction of seeing her son’s hand writing again; a thing she never expected. Stanley confessed the affair, owned he had been very ill, but thank’d God, he was now out of danger. She was too weak to read Mr. Martin’s letter, but she examined it up and down; was extreme- ly curious in the post mark, but not very de- sirous to inspect the contents.

She then returned God thanks for his mercy, and endeavoured to rest; she had but an in- different restless night, yet in the morning was much livelier and heartier than she had been the day before: She heard lord Belfont’s and Mar- tin’s letters read. She was extremely pleased with

lord Belfont, who spoke to his old friend Sims in raptures of George; Mr. Martin took great shame to himself, for being the unhappy cause of his friend's misfortune: But tho' he expressed himself extreamly well, it was far from reconciling Mrs. Stanley to him, who, with all her fine understanding, could not see that the misfortune was really owing to her own son's rashness, and not to Mr. Martin. Let us now return to the camp.

CHAP. XVII.

A wonder! a young soldier has some conscience.

MR. Stanley now gathered strength apace, and, in a few days after the former letters, he wrote himself, pretty fully, to his parents; but he had not the least suspicion of ensigne Flamm's letter, and was by that means happily saved from the uneasiness he would have felt, had he known the effect his impertinence had on his mother.

He experienced however one mortification in his own person, from the unhappy violence of his passion; and this too, in a point the most disagreeable to him in the world: Which was, that he could not stand on his legs when the battle

of

of Dettingen was fought, so that he was not present. This had been the motive and end of all his labour, contrivance, and design; and in this point, that his heart was fixed upon, it seemed as if Providence was resolved to punish his folly and extravagance, by frustrating his wishes.

Martin fought that day as a lieutenant, and behaved so, as to do credit to his great friends; and this was no little satisfaction to George: But it by no means compensated, for the mortification with regard to his own inability. He had been some time well, and perfectly recovered in every other respect, but that he had not the use of his legs: This brought a great deal of company to him, for lord Belfont, who during the violence of George's illness, had almost forgot his own nature, and saw very little company, now that his friend was well enough to make one, took care to let him be seldom alone of an evening; but in as elegant a manner as possible, guarded against the expences falling too heavy on Mr. Stanley, and made it mostly his own: There was commonly deep play, and that his lordship could not sometimes help his feeling the weight of, when a run was against him, tho' on the whole, George did not lose.

About a fortnight after the battle, lord Belfont designing for London, and George being now able to bear the fatigue of a journey, they resolved to travel together ; his friend Martin, made no interest to be of their party, as his corps was not to return to England that winter, he chose to stay with them, and applied himself very diligently to his duty. He had indeed been often of the parties with lord Belfont and Mr. Stanley, but having now a station that required his attendance, he was less frequent with them than they could have wished ; and it was not without regret, that Mr. Stanley left him behind, tho' he saw the propriety of his staying.

When all things were ready for their departure, there was one thing that lay heavy on Stanley's mind : The nurse who attended him in his illness, had a daughter, that frequently assisted her ; and was always very assiduous and officious about Stanley : When he grew pretty well, lord Belfont often jested with him, on his pretty handmaid ; and George as often protested his and her innocence, and asserted, that he neither had, nor would attempt to debauch her. This squeamishness the peer laughed at. Indeed to debauch a girl, and then leave her to the wide world to repent, and be sorry for what she had done, he held

as

as a base thing, and he was indeed incapable of doing it; but if he saw a girl he liked, and could get her without much trouble, he never failed to indulge himself; so that he laughed at George's conscience, crying, "Well, Stanley, this girl that your gravity will not *seducer*, as you call it:—I shrewdly suspect one half of your conscience lies in your not thinking her near so pretty as I think her." "Yes faith," returned Stanley, "I do think her very pretty, but tho' I do not affect, as you very well know, a cloistered continence, yet there is something in first perverting an innocent mind, that"—"oh, oh, says the peer, is that all; well, well, I'll make all easy then; leave the consequence to me,—I'll take the first of her; you shall have her back in a fortnight at farthest: I am serious, upon my word you shall." "Nay, dear lord Belfont! poor little girl!" "Nay, nay, my dear Stanley, I won't touch your game, but don't think to play the dog in the manger, neither to feed yourself nor suffer others to feed; so say, Will you have her?" "No, by my soul, and I wish I could prevail on you, not to touch her too,—what will become of her?" "Never mind that, Stanley, if you don't, I will; so if you like her claim her." "No, my lord, I would not for the world, and if you do, for God's sake don't leave the poor soul to misery and in-

"famy; for I think her the innocentest little creature I ever saw." "O, no," replied Belfont, "don't suspect me of that."—Just then a chariot called to give George an airing, and his lordship chose to stay behind; George, with a half smile, shook his head,—went off; and soon after in came Marian, for so was the girl called: his lordship locked the door, and began to chat with a great deal of good humour; and the girl innocently chatted with him for some minutes: but when his lordship offered to lay hold of her, she made a prodigious resistance, and out-cry; and all he could say, all he could do, the offer of money, the promise of I know not what, all availed not: he was three hours or more alone with her, but on George's return confessed freely and truly the strange thing that had happened him, that a little country girl, had stood a siege of full three hours; and that too, against him, the famed and never before failing, lord Belfont; tho' he used all the argumens of tongue and purse. George was highly pleased with this account, and at night when she came in to do some little business or other, he read her a long lecture on prudence and virtue; flung her half a crown for resisting lord Belfont; she wed her the folly of riches, and how little men, even all men, were to be depended on. Pleasing himself with his pious harangue, and not supposing he had the

least

least thought or chance of prevailing over such a tried virtue as had resisted lord Belfont, and newly fortified too by his own lecture,--he ventured to give her one kiss, which she received with a courtesy, and so he gave her a second, which she did not refuse: He could not then easily stand, he chose to sit down, and Marian led him to a chair, but some how, this chair happened to be near the bed, and down he sat upon the bed instead of the chair; when there beginning to take greater liberties, than his own grave harangue, or Marian's late valiant resistance would have made one expect, he received no other repulse, than "Don't, Sir, the door is open, somebody may come in." This pacific manner raised his wonder, and without any serious intention of ill, *only wanting to see how far the little huzzy would go*, he answered, "Ay, 'tis coldish, go shut the door," which she did, and returned to his call. And now the devil put it into his head, that lord Belfont had not dealt fairly, but after enjoying her, had a mind to palm the girl on him: so with a sort of a smile, he cry'd, "And did you think I was serious in what I said; and that I did not know lord Belfont succeeded with you, huzzy?" "I don't know what you mean, Sir," returned the little girl, "he was indeed very rude, and offered me money, but I would not, but to a man I loved; No, I would not for the whole world:"

"world :"—"And who do you love," cried Stanley, with a sneer, which the girl perceived, and sighing, burst into tears, saying,—“ If that gentleman, Sir, says, I did any thing I ought not, he is a liar, and a rogue ; I am sure I am as virtuous, as when I was born, I am so : ”
 “ Come here, huzzy,” said Stanley, who was not perhaps, then, quite convinced of what she said, or that his friend lord Belfont, had not succeeded better than he pretended to have done : but what she had said was then certainly true, tho’ it was the last time she could ever say so, for a few moments convinced Stanley, that he was her first undoer. This girl had real worth and goodness, nor was she a wanton, or could lord Belfont, or any other man have prevailed with her ; but something there was in Stanley’s manner, that happened to strike her, and even with him, she never formed any design of sinning : She had so much innocence, that she scarcely had a conception of it ; she loved Stanley, and without almost knowing she did so, she yielded to him. Lord Belfont was told next day of this whole transaction. He admired the girl’s sensibility, and offered her ten guineas, without a thought of a return ; for, now she was Stanley’s, my lord would on no account think of touching her : but she refused the money : for having once yielded she found, what she scarcely knew before, that

Stan-

Stanley was entire master of her heart, and she scorned to be at all oblig'd to any other man.

No wonder then, if the thoughts of leaving such an engaging girl behind him, were a weight on Stanley's mind; but lord Belfont no sooner perceived his perplexity, than he removed it, by contriving a method of sending her to England; where she arrived about ten days after they got there: and, as we may possibly meet this girl again, it may not be improper to give some account of her here, on her first appearance. That she was of very poor family, is plain, from her mother's being a nurse; the only one of her family who had ever emerged from the lowest order of the people was an uncle of hers, to whom a rich ecclesiastick took a liking, when he was a boy, working in the garden; from whence he sent him to school, gave him a good education, and brought him into the church, intending probably to provide well for him: but alas, the patron died just as Marian's uncle had taken orders, so that the poor man was left without a friend, with a little learning, and no bread: and the highest preferment at which he ever arrived was a very poor curacy, not more than sufficient to maintain himself in tolerable plight; but as his brother had many children, he thought it incumbent on him to provide for one of them, and Marian hap-

happened to be the one he took. The curate observed such an uncommon sweetness of temper and goodness of disposition in his niece, that he was very fond of her, and took great pains to improve her mind, not indeed by teaching her Greek and Latin, but by instilling, early, such principles and notions, as would enable her, with credit and honour, to have appeared in a higher sphere than he even hoped she would ever attain to: yet so tempered with true piety and moderation, as to make him hope she would fill the humble station Providence had allotted her, with decency, contentment, and honesty. But the honest curate lived a life so retired, and so intirely within himself, that this little creature seldom saw any other man than her uncle, so that her total ignorance of the world made the very goodness of her heart a snare to her virtue; she yielded through love and ignorance to Stanley; him she loved, with him she lived, not so much like a wanton, as his companion, which she was very capable of being, for she had very good understanding: and tho' her uncle had only aimed at the cultivation and improvement of her heart, yet did that itself in some measure open her intellects, and she wanted but the conversation of a man of sense, to make her very capable of bearing her part in that conversation. Her uncle had not only taken care of her mind, but he had her taught

to

to make lace, by which she had, after the good curate's death, when she returned to her mother, contributed not a little to support the family; and whenever she was unemployed in this, she always gave a helping hand to any business her mother was concerned in: who was as industrious as she was poor; and it was this mother's fortune to wait on Stanley; it was the fate of the daughter to assist her mother; and the chance of Stanley, to conquer the innocent affections of the daughter.

C H A P. XVIII.

Another wonder!—four persons all in one family, honest and sincere, and unlimited in their love of one another.

I Have heard it said, that men are apt to think better of themselves, than they deserve; but it is a thing I am sometimes inclined to doubt: we now and then deceive ourselves, as well as the world. We seem to think better than an indifferent spectator would, of what we do; but there are certain moments, when I believe every man sees his own actions in their proper colours: nay, when many things that escape even the malice and ill nature of the world, stand confessed, and are condemned by himself. At least,
when

when Mr. Stanley came within some twenty miles of London, there were many reflexions which then lay heavy on his mind; some of which had escaped him, some actually pleased him before, but now the most trifling circumstance from his childhood, in which he had offended, ever so slightly, his father or mother, recurred to his memory, and pressed severely on him: his late expedition was no longer wrapped up in a purple cloud of glory, or gilded over with honour; the whole appeared to him now in a quite different light; the great lenity and good nature of his parents, of which he had received uncommon instances, called upon him, he now thought, for warm acknowledgments; and no heart could be more full of them, than his was at that moment. To have raised money, left Oxford, and gone off without being interrupted by their tutor,—what glorious contrivances, a few months since, were all these thought to be! but now, they were all *deceit, mean, little, low artifices*, unworthy a man of sense and honour. The glory of the campaign was turned into idle dreams, fooleries, and romances; if he had valued himself for his courage before, he was now ashamed of the weakness he had shewn.

As soon as they arrived in town, he excused himself to his noble companion, and instantly
went

went home, where he had been some time expected ; the first person he met was his sister, the sight of her brother had never been an indifferent thing to her : but returned safe, from a campaign, a thing she perhaps did not so thoroughly condemn, she could not but receive him with uncommon joy ; a joy that spoke aloud, and brought their father to them. He embraced his son, and bad the daughter tell her mamma, that George was arrived. The young lady soon returned with Mrs. Stanley ; it is not easy to describe that scene ; perhaps of all the young soldiers that returned after that campaign, no one was more welcome to his whole family, or more pleased to meet their family, than our hero ; and yet there was very little said by any one of them : Mr. Stanley seemed now and then to acquire a little sternness, but the daughter's happening to say, ~~she~~ was afraid her brother was fatigued, or, that he did not look well : a little sentence of that sort, as if by magick, at once relaxed the old gentleman's countenance. As for Mrs. Stanley, she half smiled, half cried, and had her eyes continually bent on her son ; she now and then sighed, now and then wiped away a tear, but spoke little, or nothing : the young man himself now and then raised his eyes, and seemed to wish to speak, without being able : he looked at his father, and was just ready to have spoke,
but

But turning on his mother, there was mixed with her joy something of grief and disorder in her smile, that spoke to his heart and made him silent; till the father, on some occasion, being called out of the room, the poor woman arose to embrace her son, who almost leaped to meet her, and was just fallen on his knees; when in a feeble voice, and with a little shake of her head, repeating the words, "George, George,"—he saw she wanted the help of his arm to support her.

Mr. Stanley returned just as the son was leading his mother to a chair. This worthy man had now been married two and twenty years, but every year had shewn new worth in his wife, and in consequence every year had added to his affection for her: he no sooner saw her in the distress we have mention'd, than he took her in his arms, and turning a little hastily on his son, cry'd, "See this, Sir! are you not ashamed of yourself?" This was too much for George; who without any reply, left the room; and he was no sooner gone, than poor Mrs. Stanley fainted. As for George, he soon found himself in his own room, on his bedside; where his heart was too full for him to think of any thing: he was stupefied; but his sister in a few moments after coming in, relieved him, by saying his mother had sent for him;

him; and "Dear brother," added the good girl,
 "if you don't go to her, she will again be ill,
 "tho' she is now pretty well."

This had the effect of a charm, he soon recollected himself, and attended his mother, to whom, however, he scarce spoke a word; he kissed her hand, and that was all his language. The father observed this, and seeing it only distressed them both to be thus together, he addressed his wife, "My dear, I believe George, "may be weary; you had better send him to bed," "Yes, replied she, go my dear, go to bed; "farewell, leave your sister with me, I am very "well now; good night:" Poor George withdrew in silence and sorrow, for he deeply felt his mother's illness; and it was no small addition to his grief, to think himself the cause of so much mischief.

His father followed him to his room. George no sooner saw him, than he caught hold of his hand, at the same time falling on his knees; but, the father stopped him, "No, George, we are all "liable to mistakes: 'tis sufficient you are sensible of your's; you see the way your poor "mother is in; she has been very ill; if you "are melancholy, you'll make her worse: be "cheerful, and a few days of your company will
 "re-

“ restore her to us, especially, if you assure her,
 “ you design no more to leave her, in the manner
 “ you have done.” “ Oh, Sir,” returned the
 son, “ no words can express the sense I have
 “ of your goodness ; but give me leave to
 “ speak to my mother, I will not stay five
 “ minutes ;” so saying, he flew to her cham-
 ber, and taking her by the hand, “ How is my
 “ dear mother ? God forgive me, for being the
 “ cause of so much uneasiness to her ! I did very
 “ wrong ; but indeed I never will take another
 “ step without her advice.” “ Ah, George,”
 reply’d the mother, “ I shall never advise a cam-
 “ paign,” “ Then by my soul,” cry’d the son,
 “ I’ll never make one.” “ Never, George ?”
 “ No, by all that’s sacred ! never, never, indeed
 “ my dearest mother, I will not.” “ Won’t
 “ you child ? Well, then good night ; child,
 “ go to bed, and let me hear that you slept
 “ well.” “ Ah, my excellent mother, how are
 “ you ? Can I hope to hear in the morning, that
 “ you have rested well ?” “ Yes, George, I
 “ have not been so well this fortnight ; good
 “ night.” Young Stanley then retired.

C H A P. XIX.

Every body in good humour.

BLESS me ! what an advantage would it be to mankind, were physicians well versed in the doctrine of opiates ; for one night's good sleep, had made a visible amendment in every countenance of this family : the mother, in having her son safe under the same roof with her, and assured that he no longer had any design of leaving it, was eased of all her fears, and happy content closed her eyes. The son too was now so well satisfied with himself, that the good humour and sprightliness which had made him always an amiable character, now returned ; he thought he had made some amends for all the uneasiness he had caused, by the assurances he had given, of being ever after directed by those to whom it was his duty to submit. When they met next morning, their conversation was no longer clogged, as it had been the day before : Indeed, when Mrs. Stanley was alone with her son, she could not help asking him again, not without some little fear, whether he was seriously resolved to stay at home ? to which with infinite satisfaction she received the same answer as before : She then told him, that his father did not design to send him again to the

university, nor to put him into the church ; for
 the turn of his temper, tho' it might suit another
 station, would not, he now feared, become the
 character of a clergyman ; in whom Mr. Stanley
 held, that one constant even tenor of regularity
 and decency of behaviour was requisite ; and this
 late step of his son's had given him some room to
 think that he might now and then perhaps step a
 little out of that even road : and his having a liv-
 ing in his own gift was no inducement to him.
 As for trade, he never thought his son fit for it.
 " Yet, George," (said his mother) " you must
 " turn yourself to something, for you know, there
 " is nothing I ever esteemed so little as that
 " trifling loitering character that people of small
 " fortunes assume, and are content to be called
 " gentlemen ; without having the least spirit to be
 " useful to themselves, or their families : and I
 " hope, George, you are not of so little ambition,
 " as to wish to do nothing for yourself ; or that
 " you would be content to owe all you are to
 " have, to your father's industry. It has pleased
 " God, child, to give you a good understanding,
 " 'tis incumbent on you to make a good use of it.
 " I am told you used to read very closely at Ox-
 " ford ; I hope, your rambling has not given
 " you a disgust to books, for your father designs
 " you now for the bar ; and, they say, a very
 " close application is necessary, if a man would
 " be

“ be at all known in that profession. I should be
 “ very sorry, George, that you did not make
 “ some figure in any character you assumed, and
 “ therefore, unless you resolve to apply very dili-
 “ gently, do not undertake the law : I would ra-
 “ ther you were in the army, if in the army alone
 “ you were resolved to exert yourself,—tho’ in-
 “ deed, the army,” ——— “ Oh, mother,”
 replied her son hastily, “ speak not of the army :
 “ upon my word, I have no longer any thought
 “ of it ; since my father has chosen the law, I
 “ will confess, I prefer it to the church, and will
 “ earnestly apply myself to that study.”

It is not easy to conceive the satisfaction Mrs.
 Stanley felt ; she no longer continued a serious
 conversation, but began to talk without any un-
 easiness about the campaign. She could not
 reconcile herself to col. Morrice ; tho’ George
 now very honestly owned himself to blame in
 that affair : nor was she very much pleased with
 Mr. Martin, tho’ George spoke of him in rap-
 tures : for Mrs. Stanley, tho’ one of the best of
 human creatures, was yet a human creature ; and
 could not in her heart but condemn Martin, as the
 cause of her son’s wild excursion. Indeed, lord Bel-
 font she greatly admired, and was altogether well
 pleased with. She had from Mr. Sims before
 heard a good character of him, and it was so
 fully

fully illustrated in his whole behaviour to her son, that she thoroughly admired and esteemed him.

While they were talking, Mr. Sims happened to come in. This good man had no small satisfaction in meeting a pupil he really regarded. George indeed was a little ashamed to encounter the good man, whom he had deceived and imposed upon. This made him a little awkward in his manner of receiving him; but the ease and good humour of the tutor soon relieved the pupil; and when Mrs. Stanley told them, that George was resolved seriously to apply himself to the law; 'tis almost impossible to describe the joy this good man felt from it, for he knew this was the only thing that could really and truly restore the peace of the family. He asked after Martin, and lord Belfont; and it was with great pleasure that he found his lordship had justified his expectations of him. He resolved that minute to wait on him, and thought it not improper that George should accompany him; and while they were on their visit, Mrs. Stanley acquainted her husband with his son's resolution of studying the law.

CHAP. XX.

A conversation-piece.

HIS lordship and Mr. Sims had been very intimately connected at College; but the world had since engrossed his lordship, and a college still confined Mr. Sims; so that for about seven years no correspondence had subsisted between them; of which indeed Mr. Sims himself had been the principal cause; for when he came to town, which was but seldom, he found his noble friend whirled about in a round of pleasures, to which he was himself intirely a stranger, of which he did not approve, and in which he could not join: So that, now and then, if in a morning, he got an hour's conversation with his lordship, yet he imagined that it was a force upon him, though his behaviour never shewed any sign of weariness or dissatisfaction; he therefore discontinued his visits. Lord Belfont had indeed offered to introduce him to the first men in power, and that in a very warm manner, but Mr. Sims, absolutely declined it; for tho' a very good man, yet there was a certain odd timidity on seeing great people, which would effectually hinder their ever being of service to him; nor was he ever likely

to get rid of it, because he did not himself know he was afraid of them, but called it *an honest disdain of truckling to power*; thus do the best of us make our faults and foibles a part of our constitution, by substituting other names for them: But tho' Mr. Sims had dropped all connections with his lordship, yet he had, as we saw, ventured, on Mr. Stanley's account, to ask a favour of him, which was the first he had ever asked; and having not been without some little fears, that the world, of which he had no very good opinion, and a court, of which he had a very bad one, might have intirely altered his lordship; he was vastly satisfied in his mind to find his friend, in spite of the world, and a court, still an honest man.

His lordship received his old tutor and his young friend not only genteely, but warmly. Mr. Sims was going to thank him for his civility to Mr. Stanley; but his lordship stopped him, without seeming to interrupt him, by saying,
 “ Well, old friend, I have great reason to complain of you,—a matter of seven years silence,
 “ —but you used me like a courtier; you bribed
 “ me very high, in presenting me with such a
 “ friend as Mr. Stanley; so I forgive you.—
 I really don't remember the answer either of them made. ——— I think Stanley bowed, and
 I
 seemed

seemed to mumble something about it. —
 “ My Lord, — I’m sure, — honour — your lord-
 “ ship.” — But the peer saw their embarrassment,
 and with the greatest ease hurried on the conver-
 sation, quite out of the element of compliment ; —
 and, reader, shall I venture to tell thee, what to-
 pic they went upon ? Now there is not any man
 at court that dresses better ; no man in the army,
 was more elegantly equipped ; no man in the
 country drank deeper than his lordship ; and yet,
 for above two hours, shall I be believed in say-
 ing it ? for above two hours, he was neither a man
 of the town, a soldier, or a courtier ; neither news,
 weather, scandal or fashions were once spoke of ;
 and yet they were not at a loss for conversation ;
 indeed it was on such subjects, as Sims could not
 but shew some surprize to find his lordship still
 so well acquainted with ; and said, “ Why, in-
 “ deed, my Lord, I knew you were once very
 “ well acquainted with Herodotus, but I thought
 “ you must, in the hurry of business and pleasure,
 “ have dropped him.” Do you hear this, Mr.
 Stanley, replied the peer ? “ because he actually
 “ dropped my acquaintance himself, he charita-
 “ bly concludes, that when I had lost him, I
 “ would no longer keep up any rational ” —
 Both Stanley and Sims were going to speak, but
 his lordship suspecting some compliment on his
 knowledge in Greek, continued talking, and after

some time asked George, but in the politest manner, in what temper he had found his father ? and whether his interposition could be of any use in reconciling the old gentleman to his continuing in the army ? George in the strongest terms thanked his lordship, assuring him, that were he to follow the bent of his own inclination, it would be to have the honour of serving under him ; but his family were all so averse to the thoughts of his continuing in the army, that he had found it his duty to forego his own inclination ; and had therefore promised to think no more of the army : and, my lord, continued he, “ I believe you will yourself say, that I am uncommonly bound to gratify my father. Does your lordship remember the letter from him, which you did me the honour to read ? can I, my lord, refuse such a father any thing ? ” “ Indeed, Mr. Stanley, says he, you have a very good father ; but sure ” — Mr. Sims took the liberty to interfere, and intreated his lordship to join the family in persuading Mr. Stanley to stay at home. This was spoke in so warm, so honest, and at the same time in a manner so respectful to the character of a soldier, that his lordship could not take offence ; but turning to his young friend, “ Well, George, I am really sorry I must not have your company abroad with me ; our friend tells me your poor mother’s life may de-
 “ pend

"pend on it; and I would not wish you to act
 "in opposition to your parents" — (for among
 other things his lordship was a truly good son)
 and continued, "but I find you are to go to the
 "Temple; that brings you nearer to us; and
 "though we must not go abroad together,
 "while I am at home, I shall, I hope, see you
 "often. Don't use me as Mr. Sims did, and
 "drop my acquaintance. Are you both disenga-
 "ged for dinner to-morrow?" Sims at once
 cried out, "No, no, I'll not dine, I'll come
 "and see you when you are at leisure, and alone,
 "in a morning; for you are the only man with a
 "laced coat in the world that I can bear to sit
 "with." The peer could not but smile at his
 old friend; but all he could say was to no pur-
 pose; he could not be prevailed on to dine
 with him: George however promised to attend
 his lordship, which he accordingly did; and in
 one word was, through his lordship's means, in a
 few days, as well known in the beau monde, as a
 foreign ambassador. His father was, however,
 somewhat a stranger to all this; for to lose no
 time, he had immediately taken chambers for his
 son; and the less he came to the city, the more
 close he supposed him in his application to his new
 study: and for the same reason Mrs. Stanley herself
 was satisfied in her son's coming but seldom to see her.

C H A P. XXI.

It is easier to make a Resolution, than to keep it.

WHEN George had promised his mother to think no more of the army, and to read law diligently, he was serious, and meant to keep both promises; but when he came to be so totally his own master, and found himself caressed by a great man, whose good sense and parts he admired, whose worth he esteemed, and from whose conversation a young man who was to live in the world might certainly reap great advantage; no wonder if he made this excuse to himself for deferring the performance of that part of his promise which related to his application to the law. Indeed he was continually resolving to perform it; but one thing or other constantly interfered to defer the execution: An invitation from my lord——, to dine; to my lady ——'s rout; a party here, a party there. George was in short the repository of all lord Belfont's secrets; and the companion of all his pleasures: Indeed he had been so almost from their first acquaintance in Germany, where the example of his lordship had first seduced poor George; so that he there drank, intrigued and play'd very prettily, for so young a man: and the peer was very
proud

proud of his pupil. But George had met with some thinking moments, in which he had found out that such a course would only lead to ruin his constitution, and waste his fortune. Indeed without much reflexion he must have found some inconveniencies ; for this way of life could not be supported by his allowance ; so that he was in a few months considerably in debt. He could distinguish very well the different steps of his tailor, his shoe-maker, and others, who began to be very frequent visitors : He therefore resolved to leave off this way of life ; but then he could not withstand the force of example from a man, who had many good and great qualities that deserved his esteem : Indeed 'tis a most dangerous situation for a young man. 'Tis perhaps easier to subdue our own passions, than not to be carried away by the passions of another man, if he is a man that we admire ; for there is a certain happy or rather unhappy grace that some people have in doing what is wrong, that makes us forget it is so : It may be some excuse for Stanley, that he was hurried on by a person who could give every thing he did an air of elegance and propriety.

At length George saw his weakness ; and since he could not withstand the temptation, he resolved to keep out of the way of it. For three whole days he kept himself close to his chambers ; on the se-

cond day he saw my lord's servant coming to him, but he shut his door, and suffered the servant to thunder at it with all his fury : It shook not his constancy ; he would not answer ; and when the fellow left the door, oh ! how he plumed himself, for having withstood such an attack ? — He saw it *would be ridiculous* for a man of his fortune to continue an acquaintance with a man of my Lord's expence. — No ! no ! *it could answer no end to him.* — *His business was, he plainly saw, to read diligently, and then his fortune was sure !* — The servant returned in the evening, — and again the next morning ; but George always manfully withstood his shaking the door ; his beating with his club, his loud hollering, all had no effect, but as the hammer has on the nail, to fix it the firmer. — No, George was only the more resolved to keep close ; but on the fourth morning his servant gave him a letter which he had received from lord Belfont's gentleman. It was a letter from his lordship, full of the best humoured upbraidings for his absence : George was now at a loss what to do ; he had certainly received great civility from his lordship ; and could not think of so bad a return as any thing like a slight ; He resolved upon what appeared to him at once sensible and honest ; and that was to wait on his lordship, and tell him fairly and openly the whole truth.

He who parts with his money, proves himself beyond doubt your friend.

IN pursuance of the resolution taken in the last chapter, Stanley waited on his noble friend, laid open his whole heart, and enforced the impropriety and indeed the impossibility of his living in the manner he had. The peer saw the reasonableness of what he said. "My dear Stanley," says he, "if this is all, we must not part yet;" and taking out his pocket book, "Stanley, says he, "I have a favour to ask of you; you must not refuse me. I know that where I dine to-day there will be deep play, and I am obliged to call on Nancy this afternoon; will you let me go your halves? here are two little bills."—"My lord, I am obliged to you, replied our hero; but all the world knows I am not intitled to play so deep; and whoever was witness of my doing so, would think me a knave or a fool." This George said not without some emotion; for tho' he was obliged to the peer, and saw it, yet had he some little pride that did not relish the offer of money, however the offer might be concealed by the politeness of the manner. The peer saw he was piqued, but it did not offend him: "Come, George, says he, this is too much:—refuse me such a favour

“ as this ? Why, man, if I was out of cash, and
 “ you had it, upon my soul I would not refuse it
 “ from you : come, George, give me leave to
 “ lend you 200 l.” George would have excused
 himself, but all was in vain ; they were forced on
 him, and that too in such a manner, that his pride
 could take no umbrage at it ; and he consented to
 meet the peer at dinner, but was resolved not to
 play ; and yet what are resolutions ? The only
 way I know of not breaking them very often, is
 to make them very seldom ; for I believe we
 might often escape ~~doing~~ doing many bad things
 that we do, if we had not before determined not
 to do them. Whether it is that the devil then
 gives himself double the trouble, or how, I know
 not ; but certainly things have often double
 the charms when we find them to be the very
 things we resolved against. A little trouble en-
 hances every pleasure ; and to a man of some con-
 science ’tis some little trouble to break a resolu-
 tion. So at least it was with George, for he strug-
 gled very hard with himself ; but he could not
 withstand the temptation ; play he did ; and whe-
 ther owing to his knowledge of the game, to
 chance, to a design of some of the party, who thought
 to hook him in, or what else, George that night
 won 400 l. He was with his friend lord Belfont
 next morning at breakfast, and intreated him to
 take the 400 l. for he insisted on his having acted
 only

only as his lordship's agent ; but the peer positively refused it. The 200 l. he had lent him indeed he could not refuse ; he took it, saying, " I am heartily glad of your success, dear Stanley ; but as I am obliged to return to Germany in a few days, before I go I must give you a little caution. The fellow that I find you won the great stake from, has I am sure a design on you ; I know him to be a damn'd villain ; never play with him, especially alone : Now, George, you talk of studying the law, and my dear boy, I flatter myself that 'tis not so much your propensity to folly, as your good nature in indulging me with your company, that brings you from the Temple. I shall now be away for some months ; in that time read as much as you please ; let not these harpies, my dear George, spoil you of your last night's winnings. I am conscious, that you must have been at too great an expence lately ; and now act like a friend : if you want more to clear such debts as I know I must have occasioned, deal fairly with me, and give me leave to furnish you." Stanley had before been under great obligations to lord Belfont, but this conversation was a still stronger instance of his friendship and regard for him ; and by it he made George's heart bend again underneath his obligations : and when a few days after his lordship went abroad, he left no man behind

hind him who loved him so much as George did ; and now that he was gone, young Stanley resolved in earnest to leave this manner of life, to pay all his debts, and to apply himself to his books.

C H A P. XXIII.

The reader is introduced to some acquaintance with the lovely Leonora.

TIS a long time since we mentioned what was doing in the city. Mr. Stanley had found out that his son was not always at Westminster-hall, when he was not to be found at his chambers ; the father had met other young templars, but never had had the good fortune to meet one single acquaintance of his son's. At first he had imagined that George, sensible of his past folly and extravagance, had turned himself intirely to his books, and kept very little company ; but a neighbour of his, one Mr. Stun, a Pewterer, a man of great good humour, one who loved nothing so much as to hear himself talk, calling at Mr. Stanley's, was entertaining them with an account of his daughter's new cloaths ; and happened to end a long roll of words with one sentence, that at last made Mr. and Mrs. Stanley attend to what he said. The sentence was only this :

this : “ Ay, and there was Moll (meaning his own
 “ daughter) was at play t’other night : Ay, and
 “ she sat in the grandest place too. She and her
 “ mother cost me ten shillings for their seats, but
 “ no matter for that ; you heard it I suppose be-
 “ fore ; for I warrant you, your son told you on’t,
 “ tho’ he pretended then not to know the girl :
 “ but I don’t care for all his fine laced cloaths,
 “ he need not be so proud, methinks.” — The
 slightest little word may sometimes discover a
 great deal, like a strait line drawn from the cen-
 tre of a labyrinth, which, without any thread to
 lead through all the turnings and twinings,
 brings you at once out of it. Now the words
fine laced cloaths served this purpose to Mrs Stan-
 ley ; for there are never wanting people to tell
 one what one does not desire to hear. They had
 before heard, that their son was a very well drest
 young man, and in many other respects gayer
 than a citizen commonly wishes to see his son ;
 for Mr. Stanley, tho’ a very good and a very sen-
 sible man, was still a citizen ; and had no good
 liking to fine cloaths ; but looked on them as the
 certain concomitants of idleness and wantonness ;
 Mrs. Stanley too was somewhat of the same opi-
 nion ; and thinking this a proper opportunity to
 have some certain handle of speaking seriously to
 her son ; made an apology to Mr. Stun, saying,
 she was sure if her son did not speak to Miss, it
 must

must have been through mistake, and begg'd Miss and her Mamma would drink tea with her next day. Stun promised for his wife and daughter, that they would wait on her. Mrs. Stanley was known to all the first people of the city, but did not often visit any of them, and as for the other end of the town, routs, happy as some of her neighbours were in being seen at them, she never went to any.

There was indeed one lady of distinction, with whom she kept a pretty intimate acquaintance. This was the lady dowager Filmore; and she was known to two or three other ladies of fashion, who always spoke well of her, because she never failed of giving them the respect due to their rank, and yet never seemed to be lost in admiration of their dignity. This made several of her neighbours somewhat proud of being in the number of her visitors.

No sooner were Mr. and Mrs. Stanley alone, than the husband observed, "You see, my dear, how this foolish boy deceives himself and us; idling away his time in dressing and going to plays." "Indeed, Mr. Stanley, replied the wife, I am afraid so; but Mrs. Stun and her daughter will be here to-morrow, and we shall know whether they may not be mistaken."

"You

“ You know, my dear, returned the husband,
 “ this is not the first instance we have heard of his
 “ folly : however I’ll go to-morrow morning to
 “ the Temple, and there learn all I can as to the
 “ manner of his spending his time.”

Miss Stanley, who really loved her brother, got an item of her father’s intentions, and could not but be uneasy. It was common for Miss Stanley to spend a week or fortnight together with Miss Filmore, grand-daughter of the lady whom we just now mentioned. On these occasions she had sometimes seen her brother, when she was not seen by him ; and he was then often in such a dress, and in such company too, as little suited his station and character. This made her apprehensive that her father’s journey to the Temple might discover more of her brother than would please him. What to do she was at a loss, and sent a little note to her friend, Miss Filmore, between whom and Miss Stanley there was a long and close intimacy. She begged this young lady to contrive a turn to the city as early as she could next morning. The lady Filmore had been twenty years a dowager, and had a jointure of 1200 l. a year, which her expences and charities, the latter of which were not inconsiderable, never exceeded, and rarely came much short of, tho’ she thought it a kind of duty to lay up something.

something. Her youngest and favourite son had married without her consent, into a family she would not have made it her wish to have been allied to : But when that could not be avoided, and she saw her son's wife to be a good and deserving woman ; her ladyship always treated her as her daughter ; and now loved and treated this young lady, Miss Filmore, their only child, like her own. As this young lady will I hope deserve much of the reader's attention, and engage his best wishes, I could not help stopping to mention just so much concerning her friend and guardian, the person to whom she was indebted for her support, her education, and indeed for every thing : As for the young lady herself, and her family, their history deserves a separate book.

It was on a visit to his sister, when at lady Filmore's, that George, after his return from Germany, had first seen this young lady. He was not of a constitution to be in company with a fine girl, without observing that she was so ; but he was at that time so fond of his little German, that tho' he could not but distinguish a fine woman, yet he thought no more of any woman, than as she was or was not a fine one. He had on his first visit just laughed with his sister at parting, and told her, that he believed he should come and see her often, now she was with Miss Filmore ; which
tho'

tho' it was said so slightly, that Miss Stanley, on turning to her companion, said to her, " Well, " my dear Leonora, I am to have a new obligation " to you ; for George says, for the pleasure of seeing you, he'll come the oftner to see me. Leonora smiled, and only said, she should be always " glad to see the brother of Miss Stanley",

I don't know how it happened, nothing particular had passed that morning in their conversation. Lady Filmore happened to be out, so that George, finding the girls alone, had talked a good deal, but it was meer small talk ; nor was Miss Filmore so weak as to suppose what George had said at going away, was more than meer compliment ; and yet I must confess Leonora was not altogether displeased at it. — Miss Stanley was so fond of her brother, that she was continually telling her friend one thing or other of him ; nor was that friend ever displeased with the topic : not that I would surmise, she had any the least thought of ever seeing George in the character of a lover ; but she really esteemed Miss Stanley, and there is something so engaging and amiable in family love, that I never saw a real and unaffected instance of it, that did not touch even those I should have least suspected of any soft feelings : We must not then wonder that Leonora, who had
the

the greatest good nature, and the strongest natural complaisance, listened without disgust to a young lady (she very much esteemed) when she was speaking well of a brother who deserved her love. — But 'tis time to finish the chapter ; yet, reader, wert thou acquainted with Leonora, thou wouldst not wonder I was loth to leave her ; yet I will for the present part with her, having first told thee, that irregular as the life of George then was, he was as constant in his visits to his sister, while at lady Filmore's, as in decency he could be. Nor did he, while he was master of such a sum, forget his little German ; whom indeed he was in common gratitude bound to think of ; and now in spite of all the poor girl could say to the contrary, he spent near an hundred pounds in furnishing her with things, which she had rather have been without ; but Stanley, who was really of a generous disposition, was resolved to catch hold of this the first opportunity since his coming to England, of exerting his generosity. After doing this, and paying his debts, he had about 70 pieces left, which he would have given his little girl, and she shewed that she really deserved the present, by obstinately refusing it. It was in vain that Stanley assured her he had no occasion for the money ; that he had resolved to leave the course of life he had hitherto led, and to stick to his books,

in

in which his allowance was more than sufficient for him : This unhappy girl's answer was, she needed not money then, since he made her a present more valuable than money, in saying he intended for the future to live as his own good sense should direct him, and as she, she was sure, always wished him to do. And now poor Marian was happier than she had been for some time. Stanley staid dinner with her, and was in high good humour, promising to see her again very soon.

C H A P. XXIV.

Our hero makes a discovery that he is in love.

MR. Stanley, the father, as had been resolved, went the next morning to the Temple ; but he could no where meet with his son ; for George had that morning gone to make the best use of his winnings. He had gone to pay his *Taylor*, his *Shoemaker*, his *Millener*, his *Dresser*, his *Perukier*, and all the gang of troublesome creditors, who for a month or six weeks together had before almost worn out his stairs ; so that it was impossible for his father to have the honour of a personal conference with him. On his return however to his chambers in the afternoon, for the whole morning was employed in discharging the

the

the above retinue, he heard the old gentleman had been to look for him; and as he had not been in the city for some time, he resolved that afternoon to pay them a visit. He could never have gone at a time when he could with so clear a conscience face his father and mother, for he now had paid all his debts, and had resolved to contract no fresh ones, but diligently to apply himself to his studies: So the whole way he went, he was pluming himself upon the merit of the many good resolutions he had made.

While he is taking this satisfactory walk, let us return to Miss Stanley. Miss Filmore no sooner received her friend's message, than she got leave of her grandmamma to spend the day with her; and the old lady desired her to bring Miss Stanley at night to spend a day or two with her. These young female friends were no sooner met, than Miss Stanley told Leonora of her father's journey to the Temple, and the cause of it, and expressed great uneasiness that her brother should fall under his father's displeasure; and therefore had sent, she said, to Leonora for her assistance, to contrive a delay to her papa's journey, till her brother could be apprized of it; but Leonora had made some delay, so that so far from being there to prevent the old gentleman's going, they just then heard him coming up stairs on his return; on which Miss
Filmore

Filmore cries, "My Dear, let us go into the dining
 " room, we may soon find out whether your papa
 " has seen your brother, and you may discover, from
 " your mamma, whether he has heard any thing
 " worse than that silly thing about fine cloaths ;
 " if not, you have nothing to do but to write him
 " word of the whole affair, and leave him to
 " bring himself off, which I don't doubt but he'll
 " easily do : and yet, Fanny, to confess the truth,
 " as you love your brother, perhaps it were better
 " to let Mr. Stanley find out all he can." " All
 " he can, Miss ! what is it you mean ? sure there
 " is nothing so bad in a young gentleman's wear-
 " ing a fine coat ! though, trifling as it is, I know
 " it will give my papa uneasiness : yet sure there
 " is nothing bad in it ?" Stay, dear Fanny, re-
 " turned her friend, have you forgot what com-
 " pany we ourselves saw him in ? and how vexed
 " you were about it ? but that is not all, I assure
 " you. I should be far from seeking to spy
 " faults in my friend's brother ; and tho' I think
 " I never saw her so unreasonably warm in my
 " life, I cannot be offended, for your love
 " to your brother is certainly commendable.
 " But every body will not see him with your eyes,
 " I mean." ————— Here she hesitated ; but
 Fanny begged her friend to go on. ——" Why
 " then, said she, about a day or two after
 " you last left us, lady Filmore met your brother
 " in

“ in the Park, and desired him to dine with us,
 “ and Mr. Claſſick, whom my grandmamma ad-
 “ mires greatly, dined there too. Your brother
 “ and he had a great deal of converſation, and he
 “ vaſtly admired your brother ; and indeed there
 “ was ſomething ſo modeſt in his manner, and ſo
 “ ſenſible in his diſcourſe, that I did not wonder
 “ to ſee my grandmamma and this gentleman ſo
 “ pleaſed with him : Juſt as we had done tea,
 “ who ſhould come in but my couſin Sir Harry,
 “ one that ſeldom viſits at lady Filmore’s, tho’
 “ he is a near relation, for ſhe knows him to be
 “ a man of ſo very abandoned a life, that ſhe does
 “ not deſire to ſee him often. He no ſooner
 “ came in, than he ſaluted your brother with an
 “ air of familiarity, that a little ſurpriſed my
 “ grandmamma. After your brother was gone,
 “ (for he went away ſoon after) ſhe asked Sir
 “ Harry how long he had known Mr. Stanley ?
 “ Sir Harry, who is a mighty rattle, ſaid a great
 “ deal in his praiſe ; but his praiſe is no credit, I
 “ aſſure you. In ſhort, he called him the honeſt-
 “ eſt fellow, the beſt companion, — and I re-
 “ member he ended with ſaying it was pity ſo
 “ pretty a fellow ſhould live ſo faſt, and that it was
 “ impoſſible he ſhould hold it long. When we
 “ were alone, my grandmamma was very uneaſy
 “ at what ſhe heard, and reſolved to ſend for your
 “ brother, and ſee if her advice would be of any
 “ ſervice

“ service to him : She did so, and talked to him
 “ two full hours, and afterwards told me, that he
 “ would be a very good young man, if he would
 “ make a proper use of his fine understanding ; I
 “ hope, added she, what I have said will make
 “ him recollect himself : I have promised him not
 “ to mention any thing to his mother, so don’t
 “ you, my dear.—Now, Fanny, you see there is
 “ more to find out than you are aware of, or
 “ that relates to fine cloaths ; and if my grand-
 “ mamma’s advice has had no weight, you had
 “ better let Mr. Stanley try his authority to save
 “ him from ruin.” Fanny thank’d her friend,
 begg’d her pardon, and asked her,—“ Well, and
 “ do you really think I ought to let my papa find
 “ out all !” Her friend at once answered no. Let’s
 go down, and then resolve what to do. This con-
 versation ended just as Mrs. Stanley, whom her
 husband had sent for down, had come to him, and
 the young ladies could easily perceive, they were
 neither of them pleased. The old people wanted
 to be alone, and so did the young ones ; but these
 wished first to find out the result of Mr. Stanley’s
 inquiry ; whether he had seen his son or not.
 And this Miss Filmore might very easily have done
 by asking one civil question, “ Did you see Mr.
 “ Stanley lately, Sir ? I hope he is well.” And this
 in common civility perhaps she ought to have
 done.

But

But it sometimes happens, that, because we are ourselves aware of our design, we act as if others suspected it, and thereby leave undone, out of pure caution, the very thing that would accomplish what we want. But Mrs. Stanley luckily happened to be aiming at the same thing ; and not being afraid of a discovery, asked her husband if he had seen George ? He reply'd, " No, my dear, I believe I went at an improper hour to meet him." This he said with so meaning and anxious a voice, that the young ladies as well as Mrs. Stanley perfectly understood him. So that the young people soon after left the others together, and were themselves no sooner alone, than Leonora said, " Well, Fanny, you see how things are : so that all you have to do is to give your brother a pretty full account of the whole, and let him take his own measures." This was accordingly done. But George unluckily missed of his sister's letter ; so that he came totally unprepared to his father's, where just before him had arrived Mrs. Stun and her fair daughter.

As for Mrs. Stun, I shall say no more of her, than that there was nothing she so much set her heart upon, as being a fine lady, and if plaguing her husband, squandering away all the money she could get, and a good deal more, neglecting her house affairs, and trifling away all her time, despising every body else, and having

having a very high opinion of herself. If these perfections could constitute a fine lady, there is not in the kingdom a finer lady than Mrs. Stun: As for Miss, she had been seven years at a boarding school, and had just finish'd her *education*; that is to say, she danced pretty well, spoke a little bad French, and a vast deal of worse English. In one word, she was the admiration of *her mamma*, *her papa*, and *herself*. At home she had been very seldom contradicted, and at school never; for her father was so very generous, that madame her governante took great care to make the school as agreeable to Miss as possible, lest she should be taken away. So that Miss had got an habit of saying every thing she pleased, and she commonly pleased to say a great deal, especially if she was angry; which the least appearance of disrespect never failed to make her. But at those times her mamma was so delighted with her wit, that Miss was seldom silent till she had disgusted every one of the company. How unfortunate must a young man of good sense and good breeding be, to have such a thing as this take it into her head, that he had slighted her? and this was George's mishap. When he first entered the room, it was with so easy and satisfied an air, that his sister concluded he had received her letter, and was prepared. But he had scarce made his salute to the company, before Miss Stun attacked him with

“ So, Sir, you’ll vouchsafe to know me now, I
 “ *spose*, ’cause your mamma is by.” George
 stared about him, but could make no reply, for
 some years had passed since Miss Stun and he
 were at all acquainted ; and he really did not
 know her. His sister however informed him
 who she was, and he made such apologies to
 Miss, as a little pacified her : But she soon broke
 out again, and impertinently said, “ I *spose*, Sir,
 “ it was because you were so vast fine, that you
 “ were above speaking to a city acquaintance.”

’Tis wonderful how far the mind of man can
 in one instant range ; how many things one
 little hint will make it comprehend at once.
 George, as he was going to the city, had with
 great satisfaction consoled himself, that none of
 his irregularities had been found out, that
 they were passed without bringing on his fa-
 ther’s displeasure ; but these two ungrammatical
 words, *vast fine*, insignificant as they might
 seem, thunder-struck him. When once we are
 alarmed, if but a little light is given, we are apt
 to fear all is discovered. Stanley, whenever he
 had paid a visit at home, had always affected a
 very plain dress, as he knew it was most agreeable
 to his father ; and his alarmed imagination repre-
 sented these two simple words as the clue to lead
 his father to the knowledge of all his other extra-
 vagancies :

vagancies: in a hurry he answered his fair antagonist, "who—*I vastly fine*, Ma'am?" Leonora saw his distress, and as she had a great deal of good nature, could not but do all in her power to relieve him; "may be Mr. Stanley, says she, "Miss Stun mistook Mr. Roberts for you; who "to be sure is like you; and he, you know, is a "great beau." Now whether Mr. Roberts really was like George, or not, the company could not dispute it, as they did not know him; but probably there was some resemblance, or Miss Filmore, who was a young lady of great veracity would not have said so. And here I can't help doing one piece of justice to the fair sex; who beat the men all to pieces at a sudden expedient. I would wager a young lady of fifteen, with all the innocence that can adorn her sex, against all the craft, cunning, and practised experience of an old privy counsellor of sixty, for a quick turn at a pinch. George was highly beholden to Leonora for extricating him; and *wisely* improving the hint, said it was the likeliest thing in the world; Mr. Roberts had been mistaken for him twenty times: and cunningly added, they would never be distinguished, if it were not for their different ways of dressing. This last observation of George's, pleased him much at that moment; tho' afterwards he recollected he had over-acted his part, and he knew his mother was too sharp-sighted not

to see his perplexity, and to draw from it something he would wish to conceal. Soon after Miss Filmore's coach called. She had before prevailed with Mrs. Stanley to let her daughter go home with her, to spend a few days. Accordingly, Miss Stanley went away with her friend, and George attended them. Mrs. Stanley, now pretty well convinced of her son's improvements in dress, did not think it necessary further to examine her visitants, and was not at all sorry when they took their leave.

CHAP. XXV.

Harlots not the worst of women.

AS soon as they were in the coach, Miss Stanley finding her brother had missed the letter she had wrote to him, told him of their father's morning-walk to the Temple, and of his intention in going. George was so full of acknowledgments to his sister, for her letter, that she laughingly answered him, "Indeed, brother, I am ashamed to take a merit to myself which I have no right to; for, to confess the truth, I was totally at a loss what course to take, till my friend here advised me." This she said in the simplicity of her heart; yet she could not have said any thing that would so effectually

fectually have put a dead stop to the conversation ; which may seem strange, for the words in themselves had nothing in them, that could promise such an effect ; nor could they have produced it, had not a certain cause, unknown to herself, operated in Miss Filmore's mind.

She had from her infancy preserved a close intimacy with Miss Stanley ; that young lady always fond of her brother, had made his excellencies no unfrequent topick of their conversation ; Miss Filmore little thought that in listening to the praises of her friend's brother, she was disposing her own heart to receive him as a lover ; nor did she yet suspect it : and yet, whether there was any thing in George's look that implied more than ordinary acknowledgment for her advice to his sister, or whatever it was, her pretty cheeks were instantly filled with blood, as much as they would probably have been, had he absolutely discovered that she would not be sorry to see herself mistress of his heart. Stanley recovering himself a little, was full of acknowledgments to Miss Filmore ; but his conversation had not that free and easy turn that was common with him ; so that he was not sorry when they arrived at Lady Filmore's ; he excused himself from staying supper, and hastened home, for he wanted to be alone.

The fear of his father's displeasure at the manner of his spending his time, gave him great uneasiness; for he saw it must appear to his father, that he was still going on in that way, as his resolution of reforming was not of a week's standing; so that there was no proof of his sincerity. But the main thing that now took up his thoughts was of another nature: when first he saw Miss Filmore, he could not but observe, that she was a fine creature in her person; in his further acquaintance, it was as plain to him, that she had a fine understanding; that her whole behaviour was conducted with such a decent and becoming mildness, that made every body esteem her. This evening his mind was in a sober mood. He was so disgusted with the folly and dissoluteness of his life, that he was ashamed of himself. His mind turned on Leonora's innocence, which he admired. On this subject he dwelt with pleasure; he remembered her good nature in attempting to relieve him that afternoon; he did not forget her interfering so kindly as to advise her sister to write to him: in short, he found himself absolutely captivated by the perfections of the amiable Leonora. Sometimes he recollected circumstances, that gave him hopes he was not disagreeable to her; but then a recollection of the irre-

irregularity of his own behaviour, dashed all his hopes ; for how would so much innocence endure such a profligate ? He was at last, however, resolved to think seriously of Leonora ; but then his little German occurred to his memory : it would be cruel to abandon her.——Not that he now loved her, or ever was in love with her, but he had received the strongest marks of affection from her, and his attachment to her was indeed founded on hers to him. After he came to England, he was far from confining himself to her. She knew it,—but never complained. He was himself too extravagant to be able to supply her liberally ; but it was her whole desire not to be a burden to him ; as she worked very finely, she enabled herself, by that means to avoid being troublesome to him, when he was low in cash ; nor if he offered her any, could she be prevailed on to take it. Some of his most intimate *bosom friends*, had made her great offers ; she rejected them all,—yet made no merit of it, with Stanley, who was fully sensible of her fidelity ; but he rather esteemed than loved her ;—yet, tho' he was not in love, he abhorred the thought of abandoning her : he now, indeed, resolved they must part, for he saw he could have no hope of Leonora, while he maintained such a connexion.—But while our heroine's mind is thus perplexed and engaged, let us take a nearer view of the lady that

has engaged it. Let us then leave Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, to consult in what manner to proceed with their son; let us leave our heroine to his own meditations, and the young ladies in such a conversation, as the reader may suppose, after what had passed in the coach; and proceed to the history of Miss Filmore and her family.



PART



P A R T II.

C H A P. I.

*Some account of a thrice worthy Scrivener, whom
we shall hereafter be very well acquainted with.*



WE have left our heroe in an uneasy and perplexed situation of mind; just discovering to himself that there was one dearer to him than himself; this *one* too, we have left in discourse with her friend, our heroe's sister: perhaps not yet daring to tell herself that all men were not indifferent to her. We have promised to acquaint our curious reader who she is, but we must a little suspend our kind reader's curiosity; for tho' our intent in this part, is chiefly to give an account of our fair heroine, yet she will not be immediately met

with; for we think proper to trace her back as far as her great grandfather, and beg our reader to attend as patiently in this research, which will we hope be neither uninstruative nor unenter-taining; and even if he should be so strange as to think it a little dull, he is at last to be fully recompenced by the birth of the beauteous Leo-nora.

It may be remembered, that in the club which opened our drama, there was one Mr. Scrape, a scrivener. All that you have seen of him yet, was, that he a little peevishly excepted against increasng the expence of female education, by opening universities for that sex, according to the very notable plan of Mr. Stun. This Mr. Scrape was, in the fourth generation, an hereditary scriven-ner; and though his progenitors were by no means indebted to their honesty for their poverty, yet had they remained from father to son, and from son to grandson, even down to our present Mr. Isaac Scrape, just not beggars. He himself in-deed, having been caught in the act of throw-ing away sixpence upon a poor wretch he saw starving, was turned out of his father's house, before he was quite sixteen; and tho' he hear-tily repented of his said extravagance, yet would his father never forgive him; for he always thought poor Isaac insincere in his repentance;

in which he surely did him injustice, for from that day to this, never was the said Isaac known to have repeated such a crime.

It happened to be term time, and as he wrote a very good hand, it was not long before he was employed by an eminent attorney. With his father he had lived hard and worked hard; had received no wages; now and then a shilling was all he dared to hope for: but here his living was good, his labour moderate, and withal he had some pence in his pocket: So that he found no great reason to be angry with his father, who, in fact, had done him a great piece of service; though I would be cautious in asserting this, for I make no doubt but there are many good fathers in this pious metropolis, very ready to render the same kind of service to their sons.

Isaac had been some time in this service, when his master was called upon to manage the interest of a worthy baronet at a distant borough; and his master, whether from his knowledge in physiognomy, or from any particular acuteness he had observed in Isaac, fixed on him to attend as his assistant. Every thing succeeded to their wish; that is, their candidate was returned by a great majority, and they came home, both seemingly well pleased; but had not been long
in

in town before Isaac was thus addressed by his master. "Isaac, you have lived a good while with me,——I believe, I may answer for your honesty,—yes, Isaac, you are a sensible honest fellow; therefore, though I have no occasion for you any longer myself; yet I won't send you as distressed into the street as I took you out of it!——I have therefore recommended you to Mr. Jeremy Thrift, one of the greatest scriveners in the city; and here, Isaac,——here's a guinea for you; Mr. Thrift will expect you to-night; if you don't do well in the world, it is your own fault, young man:" Isaac did not waste his words; he only bowed, took the money, packed up his cloaths, and soon found himself in a little dirty garret, at Mr. Jeremy Thrift's, where we will leave him for this night.

No man could wish to sleep sounder than Isaac did in his garret, which may perhaps surprise our readers, who may expect to find him grieved at leaving the service of a man, who had always used him well, and when he could no longer employ him himself, had so kindly recommended him to another, and had been so generous to him at their parting; the reader will perhaps expect to find him replenished with sentiments of gratitude to so good a master; but if he does,

Isaac.

Isaac and he are of different opinions, for he thought himself no way obliged to that same master. He was indeed but young; he was not however too apt to think well of any man, or to suppose that a man acted well from principle, if he could find out any sinister motive, that could have induced him thereto: And he thought he had observed a jealousy in his master, on some little notice the Member had taken of him; he therefore looked on his master's present as a bribe, the service he had recommended him to, he considered as a betraying him, and sending him out of the way, and perhaps he did not think himself obliged to his master for reminding him, that he had taken him out of the street; for though Isaac, by his birth, his education, and even his hopes, was almost as low in the world as it is possible for a man to be; yet was he not the less galled by any slur thrown upon his meanness. He thought too, he saw something in all the attorney had said, that seemed to tell him, he was afraid of him; and he no sooner fancied his master feared him, than he instantly despised that same master, and began to think highly of himself; and he resolved to try how he stood with the member. He waited on him the very next Sunday, and whilst he was waiting in the hall, he learnt from the servants, that their master, though he had got not only a seat in parliament,

liament, but also a place, yet wanted cash as much or more than ever : as his acceptance of the place made it necessary to him to pay his last election bills, lest the non-payment might prevent his re-election.

Isaac, whom nothing slipped, took his cue at once, and when the master of the house passed, addressed him with a "your honour's servant,—
 "I have left my old master, Sir ; but I heard
 "your honour was going into the country again,
 "and so I thought it my duty to wait on your
 "honour, to know if I should attend you."—
 "O Isaac!" replied the baronet, "how are
 "you? Ay, ay, let's have you at Ragborough!
 "you were a damned clever fellow. I would
 "not miss you for the world ; but how came
 "you to leave old Tristram? I hope you have
 "not behaved ill." "No, Sir, answered the o-
 "ther, Tristram himself could not but give
 "me a good character to Mr. Thrift my pre-
 "sent master;" and this was all the notice he
 took of his former master ; and then with all his
 cunning proceeded, "my present service, Sir, is
 "a very good one, my master is a rich old man
 "that lends out money." How Isaac! does
 your master lend out money? "here, take that;
 "and call on me to-morrow early. I am now
 "in haste;"—he then popped into his chariot,
 and

and Isaac pocketed his guinea, highly pleased with having succeeded so far.

He returned home, and no sooner met his master, than he told him, that he was employed by a young gentleman of vast fortune to raise money; and "Sir, if you chuse him, as you are my master, I think it my duty to give you the refusal;" he then named the man, and Thrift was so well pleased with the affair, that he promised Isaac handsomely if he effected it. Now the reader certainly knows, Isaac had no commission to treat about money, nor was there a word of it mentioned; but then he heard Sir Thomas wanted money, he knew his master's trade, and he boldly ventured upon the experiment, and it had answered his wishes; for he was next morning a very welcome visitant to Sir Thomas; between whom and Thrift the bargain was struck the day following, and Isaac went into the country, sole manager of the election; where, as formerly, he succeeded, and on his return to town, set up for himself a scrivener in London.

C H A P. II.

A pair of rogues well matched.

I S A A C was now no longer plain Isaac, but Mr. Scrape; and if ever there was an happy man, Mr. Scrape was he. His father, and father's father, had been scriveners, but they were poor; and either had not genius, or did not meet with those lucky incidents that the devil flatters our vanity with, and lets us impute to our own cunning, that he may make the surer of us. Scrape soon got all Sir Thomas's business into his own hands; he soon contrived to raise money and pay off Thrift, and had the whole plundering of that estate entirely to himself; nor was this the only bone he had snatched from the jaws of Thrift; who, as may be well supposed, was not a little nettled. He therefore took every method to ruin Scrape's credit and interest; he had even gone so far as to offer Sir Thomas fifteen hundred pounds for little more than ten per cent. when the following letter made him take other methods.

SIR,

S I R,

I am to tell you, that your daughter, Mrs. Wellbred, after having buried her only child last Friday, lost her husband yesterday. The poor woman has been senseless ever since. I have an execution on the parson's goods, and though I have from humanity supported the widow these three days, I cannot do so always, seeing I have a large family of my own; and perhaps I had not done so much as I have, but I hear you are a rich gentleman, and so to be sure won't let any body be a loser, for what they do for your child. I have been bound too, to the undertaker for both burials, paid the parson's fees out of my own pocket, and engaged doctor and apothecary to madam. A speedy answer will be very acceptable to,

S I R, &c,

Not the most affectionate father could have been more distressed for the loss of his most darling child, than was Mr. Thrift on receipt of the above letter, which acquainted him with the melancholy situation of his daughter; but think not, kind reader, that he commiserated that daughter's wretchedness, or sympathized in her
dis-

distresses. No, the case was, he had some years before given this daughter, then young and handsome, to the arms of a young and worthy clergyman, who really loved her, and whose love she deserved by the sincere return she made it; but I cannot positively say he gave her his consent, for then in common decency he must have given some money too. Finding that the lover only just old enough to take a living, had had interest enough to get a very good one; that he had many powerful friends; and that the young man was so attached to his daughter, that at all events he would take her, even without a fortune: Finding all this, Mr. Thrift very prudently, as it were, *consented*, that they should marry without his *consent*; and in thus having got off his daughter without expence, he was the happiest man living. Nay, she was even of advantage to him, for no Christmas had passed, that his house had not been supplied with butter, bacon, cheese, and other presents of that kind, by his son-in-law, who was really a good and generous man. How then must it pierce the heart of honest Mr. Thrift to lose such a friend! when instead of having his house supplied by him with butter, bacon, cheese, and sausages, he actually found it incumbered again with that man's widow, an indigent woman, again to be provided for! For her husband, as may be gathered
from

from the attorney's letter, died in debt; which was indeed no great wonder, as he was a young man, of great good nature, and easiness of temper; who, as he knew, his friends had interest enough to provide one day very handsomely for him, lived rather upon his hopes than upon his income; the case I am afraid of many other men of good intentions. Thrift indeed, at the first motion, was resolved not to pay one farthing of his debts, nor to maintain the widow: But then his reputation was of some real service to him; it often helped him to one or two per cent. more, than a known rogue could have got; and therefore he was in some measure obliged to support his daughter, though he began to hate her very cordially. However, it occurred to him at length, that there was a way to get rid of his daughter, and to cheat a man he hated yet more, at one and the same time: And this was no other than to marry his said daughter to Scrape, if Scrape would take her, in *hopes* of his fortune; in which case, he resolved to get rid of his daughter, to impose on the man he hated, and charitably to atone for all, by leaving his money to found an alms-house.

Pleased with this device he trudged to change, where he was sure of meeting Scrape. Scrape was a little afraid of Thrift, and therefore al-

ways

ways paid him as much compliment as cost him nothing, "Your most humble servant Mr. Thrift. O Mr. Scrape! I am a very unfortunate man! indeed, Mr. Scrape, I am; I deserve pity if ever man did!" "Lord Sir," replied the other, who wanted nothing more than to see Thrift in some ruinous and pitiful condition. "Lord Sir, what is the matter? Pray tell me,—I am sure you have not a friend,—but we may be over-heard, let us step into the "Crown." Scrape was in earnest apprehensive of being heard, for had any misfortune happened to Thrift, and had been discovered by any body else,—he had lost that infinite satisfaction to a mean, bad mind, of being the first reporter of a miscarriage or misfortune. But how greatly was he disappointed, when Thrift on their first sitting down, cried, "Ah Mr. Scrape! no, no, no mishap has befallen my fortune; no, thank God, and my own industry, I am worth a good 15000 pounds; but what is that? What is that to the purpose? I have nobody to leave it to. I am too old to get children, and Molly has lost her little boy." Scrape could hardly hide his disappointment, but at length mustered up just appearance enough of humanity, as to look grave, and cry, "Good lack, Sir, I am sorry for it; but I have some business, I must take my leave; your good health,

"health, Sir,—don't grieve, your daughter is
 "young, and so is her husband."—"Husband,
 "Scrape! alas her husband is dead too, and the
 "rascal died not worth a groat." This was a little
 mal a propos, but it broke from him unwittingly:
 For as some people are strangely affected at the sight
 of a cat, Mr. Thrift was naturally discomposed at
 the idea of a poor man, and upon such occasions was
 not always perfect master of his passions: But he soon
 recovered, and taking his glass,—“ah, Mr. Scrape, I
 have nobody to leave my fortune to,—what must I do?”
 “Do! why your daughter will have lovers
 “enough, I’ll warrant her, and people of family
 “too.”—"Family be damn’d, replied the other, this
 lousy rascal that died was of family, —“but if my
 daughter marries another family, I have done with
 her for ever. But she will have more sense, she was
 always a good girl, and I believe she has had enough
 of family.” Scrape had talked of going, but by this
 time he had retaken his place, from what motive I
 know not, unless that the sound of 15000*l.* had tickled
 his ears;—but then he could not hope to cheat his
 master in iniquity.——However, your good hunter
 on the cry of the dogs, will prick up his ears, though
 he is tied to the manger, and withheld from following
 the chace. So it was with Mr. Scrape. Another half
 pint was called for, and

and before they parted the old man seemed warmed with the wine, and began to be very fond of Scrape, and invited him to see the widow as soon as she came to town; so they parted, and the reader may rest a-while.

C H A P. III.

A rogue may have a heartier satisfaction than perhaps any honest man can.

DO you remember, reader, the pair we saw together over a pint in the last chapter? Thrift had half repented of his scheme, when he reflected, that the execution of it cost him sixpence. As for Scrape he was lost in amazement; he did not know what to think of it; at first he imagined, that Thrift had a mind to give him his daughter; but when he examined his circumstances, and found he had actually upwards of 15000 pounds, he no longer suspected any such thing. At last it occurred to him, that Thrift had a mind to make him hope such a thing, in order whilst he flattered him with that hope, to take Sir Thomas out of his hands. This thought he fixed on, and resolved to play his cards accordingly; that is, that he would ply the widow, get her if he could, and suffer the old man to make none of the advantages he expected

pected from it. Accordingly, some time after, when he heard that the lady was come to town, and pretty well recovered, he paid her a visit. By her indeed, he was very politely received, but by the father, with as much surliness. The first was owing to the positive directions of the father, the latter was merely put on to conceal the design from Scrape, who accordingly, in his great wisdom, concluded, that Thrift had repented his tavern invitation; but then he was highly pleased, with the reception he had from the lady. Now pause, reader, and resolve thyself one question, which has often puzzled me. How comes it, that the perfidy and hypocrisy of women is daily in our mouths, and yet we are always liable to be imposed upon by those characters which we pretend to know so well? Does a courtier promise? We are sure he only seeks to increase the number of his dependents. Does a lawyer advise us to prosecute? We know that the bill of costs is his motive. Does an usurer talk of honesty? We know he only means to raise the premium; and against these some people, at some times, may guard themselves. But who was ever proof against the smiles of an agreeable woman? Do we ever at that moment suspect our own merit or her sincerity? I believe not.——But to proceed. Scrape went with the greatest caution to work; he scrutinized Thrift's

Thrift's circumstances most narrowly. He now opened his mind both to father and daughter. He thought the daughter would have declared more fully in his favour, if she had not been over-awed by her father, who appeared very little inclined to the match. How to bring him over he was at a loss. Thus you see how apt we are to mistake things. Scrape with all his cunning was out; for in fact, the father eagerly longed for the match; but the daughter, except for fear of the father, was extremely averse to it. How much better then is it, even for the wife themselves, that things should not be left to their own disposal. For had Scrape his wish, it would have been, that the widow should not be controuled by the old man, and if she had not been controuled, Scrape was the last man in the world she would have married. However, on this footing, things went on for some time. Scrape could not be over sanguine, yet were things by no means desperate. To bring matters at last to an issue, when Mr. Scrape as usual came on his visit, Thrift addressed him in this manner: "Well, Mr. Scrape, I see you have
 "still a mind to Moll? What settlement Sir?"
 S. "Pray, Sir; what fortune do you intend to
 "give?" T. Not a penny, Sir, down. S. Well,
 settle upon your death. T. My death, Sir!—
 so, Sir, you wish for my death already? S. No,

Sir, but——T. Mr. Scrape, look ye, in one word, you have robbed me of my bargains; give me up my bargains, and if Moll likes you take her; not a word more, Sir,—who the devil should I give my fortune to but to my poor dear child? Go, Sir, these are the terms,—you don't stir!——well, I am going out, and shall be back in an hour. This hour was spent in a very serious manner. Scrape, who was very clever, knew that Thrift was really piqued, at having his bargains snatched as it were out of his hands, and he knew that it was in human nature, to fix the heart on, and bend all our forces to lesser things, while we neglected greater; and therefore, though he despised Thrift for doing so, and thought him weak and unreasonable for it, yet he believed he would sacrifice a more material point to that consideration.

In pursuance of this reasoning, he told the old man, on his return, that he looked upon him as his father, and therefore he was welcome to what part in his affairs he pleased: and in consequence of this declaration, he married the first good woman that ever belonged to his or to his father-in-law's family. Thrift was at the very climax of his joy, and resolved immediately to leave his whole fortune to the poor. And when at the wedding supper he saw the custards, for

which not one penny of his money was to pay, he eat!—In short, nothing but a resolution to do all he could to ruin his son-in-law, could have enabled him to eat so much. There is one thing indeed I could wish to conceal; and that is, the perfect happiness of both father and son that night. They are two men I by no means like, yet I believe it scarcely possible for any two good men to have felt the joy which these two rogues felt, on the thought that they had each cheated the other.

However, the joy of the father was but short, for he got a surfeit at the supper; a fever ensued, he lost his senses; and not to say he had not time to repent of his sins, he had not time even to make his will: and so Scrape, in right of his wife, became his heir.

C H A P. IV.

Never advise a young girl against a particular man, for 'tis the surest way to make her give herself to him.

SCRAPE was now possessed of a good fortune, and as he was an intire stranger to the real intention of Thrift in giving him his daughter, and knew not that it was owing to his dying so soon, and senseless, that he came by that fortune; he imputed the getting it wholly

to his own abilities. However he was resolved not to let the money lie idle, and never missed one opportunity of improving it. Neither did he behave ill to the wife who brought it. That is, he neither abused nor beat her; but as to any comfort the poor woman had with him, not one jot had she more than she expected; and so well acquainted was she with Scrape's character, that she expected none. It was, indeed, entirely in obedience to her father, that she made this second marriage. In her first, she had been as happy as any woman could be. When she had lost the man she entirely loved, all men were equal to her; and when she found her father resolved to marry her, she had no choice of her own, and therefore refused not his. She seldom went abroad, but spent her time mostly, and with the greatest pleasure, in giving the best instructions she could to her only daughter; her father, Mr. Scrape, seemed no less fond of her, and his fondness and avarice together would have prevailed on him not to have given her the trouble of learning any thing, but by the care of the mother, in spite of this paternal indulgence of Mr. Scrape, her daughter was at sixteen, not only a fine, but a very accomplished girl.

Scrape had great dealings among the officers in the army; he advanced money upon their pay,

and was not paid much more than common usury. This brought many of these gentlemen to his office, but as he was not fond of parade, he seldom invited them to his house. One young officer however there was, a man of courage, sense, and worth, whom Scrape took a liking to: such a man it was indeed unaccountable that Scrape should like, but so it was.

This gentleman's name was Filmore, the younger brother of lord viscount Filmore. He had lost his father before he was two years old, and had been brought up by his mother the lady dowager Filmore, whom we have mentioned as the friend of Mrs. Stanley. The good lady would fain have kept her son out of the world till his age had a little enabled him to distinguish between its follies and its real Enjoyments; but he would not be controuled, and at sixteen he got a commission in the guards: At such an age, opportunity and example were too powerful, and he was at once hurried into all the follies and extravagancies of the town; but as he had an unfeigned esteem for his mother, he concealed, as much as was in his power, all his extravagancies from her: and indeed she supplied him so liberally, that had it not been for an unhappy turn for cards and dice, he had never found reason to be acquainted with Mr.

Scrape.

Scrape. But he unfortunately played deep, so that when the law intitled him to receive his portion, he acted only as a factor, receiving with one hand, to pay it away with the other: of which Mr. Scrape had a pretty good share; for he had *out of mere good nature*, supplied him, while a minor, with near 1500 l. for which he now received very near 5000 l. Indeed not only law, but reason would have justified Mr. Filmore's disputing this; but the captain could not bear the thought of not keeping his promise, however wild and inconsiderate that promise had been: but his extravagance still continued, and he was thereby obliged to continue his acquaintance with a man whom he despised. The usurer was necessary to him, and his *honourable* performance of conditions had made him agreeable to the usurer. He came frequently to Scrape's house, and could not help observing that his daughter was a fine girl; but he never said any thing in commendation of her, that the father who doted on her, did not say still more. He would frequently desire her to dance a minuet with the captain, and was highly pleased, when he instructed her; for the mother had never been able to prevail for more than one month for a dancing-master: and practice the poor girl had little or none. It was, therefore, no wonder if she wanted instruction; and

Scrape had no objection to it when it could be had for nothing. The mother indeed foresaw certain inconveniencies in this, but she durst not open her mind to her husband, and whenever she hinted her fears, he silenced her at once, having the utmost contempt for her understanding. Scrape had succeeded so well in his fortune, that he had an high opinion of his own penetration, and was afraid of nobody. He would even go so far, as to say to his daughter; Nan, "if ever thou art "fool enough to fall in-love, let it be with such "a fellow as this." Indeed he had no intention it should be with that identical fellow, for he was so constantly swearing, if Nan married without his consent he would not give her a penny, that he had no notion it was possible she could do any such thing: for he had an opinion of her understanding, and never dreamed that a person of common sense could do any thing contrary to their interest. Now the girl hearing him so much commend the captain, either thought, or persuaded herself she thought, the father meant to give her to him, and therefore she gave way to her inclinations, which were perhaps a little heightened by the mother; who no sooner perceived the least symptoms of love in Miss, than she thought it her duty to be more explicit with her, than she durst be with the old man. The young lady had a great respect
for

for her mother, and yet certainly so it was, that her passion was rather heightened than abated by these prudent lectures. This I take to be natural to the passion of love. Whilst nobody speaks to us of it, it is like sand at the bottom of a river, and will hardly ever rise of itself to disturb the clear current of our reason; but if by any means the bottom is raked, and put in motion, all is confusion. If Nancy's passion was not conquered by her mother's advice, her quiet at least was lost, and she spent some nights very unhappily. She now became more serious than usual, would spend whole days in thought, and loved to be alone, as at present we shall leave her, to reconnoitre the situation of the captain.

CHAP. V.

Advice to Lovers.

SOMETHING in the manner and looks of the young lady, had long since convinced the captain, that he was her slave. He sometimes had opportunities of speaking to her alone, but never made use of them to declare his passion, though he had no reason in the world to expect an ill reception; for Miss paid a peculiar silent attention to all the captain said, which is, I assure thee, reader, a greater proof of a woman's regard, than almost any

thing she can possibly say. Thus did the two lovers shilly shally away their time, each convinced of the other's affections, yet neither declaring their own; for tho' the lover's eye has ever so plainly spoken the sentiment of his heart, yet doubts will sometimes arise, concerning the reality of the lover's passion. At least it was so with this young lady. This and other usual effects of a concealed passion, made a remarkable change in the vivacity of her temper; her dejection was too apparent to escape Scrape himself, nor was he long without discovering the cause of it; upon which Miss was instantly sent into the country, and there confined to her chamber, and the captain peremptorily forbid the house. 'Twas no longer now, "my dear Nancy, my child," but "that impudent slut," and as for the captain, he was a treacherous villain, an ungrateful rascal, a beggarly rogue,—that is, behind his back he was called so.

It may seem strange, but so it was, that the captain, whilst he had almost daily opportunities of declaring his passion to his mistress, never opened his lips to her about it; but the moment he found her put out of his way, then nothing seemed too arduous to him. He soon found where she was. To see her was not so easy;

easy; he therefore resolved to write—I will not say a love-letter, for surely it was no such thing. —But before we come to the letter, let me give the reader a piece of advice. If ever your love or interest should make you ardently desire the good opinion of any fair one, take care, by no manner of means to make your first declaration by letter. 'Tis drawing the trigger before the piece is charged; in which case, though you should prime never so high, you need not be told, you will never hit the mark. Indeed in the progress of the affair, when the lady's heart is charged full with your sincerity, honour, affection, tenderness; then,—then indeed, a letter or two may take effect: but I happened not to be with the captain, and so he wrote,—a long letter, with great apologies for writing at all; great professions of sincerity in what he wrote; greatly accusing himself of the highest vanity, for supposing that so lovely a creature could have a favourable opinion of him; and yet (which in my opinion was a little bold) he confessed he had some such hopes. One thing was a little extraordinary, he made no parade of his family, or his pretensions in the world. In short, his letter was a very honest, plain letter; he ended it to the best of my remembrance thus: “I own I have great
“satisfaction in knowing Mr. Scrape not to be

“ of a very forgiving temper, for this of itself
 “ will clear me of the suspicion of being one of
 “ these mercenary wretches, who blind to the
 “ real worth and merit of the loveliest creature
 “ upon earth, consider solely, how to secure the
 “ father’s fortune in making love to the daugh-
 “ ter.” In this and his other professions, I be-
 lieve he was sincere; and indeed, Nancy was
 somewhat of the same opinion; but notwith-
 standing, so piqued and nettled was she to see
 he knew more of her mind than ever her lips
 had ventured to inform him, that she was within
 an ace of giving up the man she really loved, to
 a little female punctilio; and was just on
 the point of returning his letter with disdain,
 but that it some how occurred to her, that she
 would not do it, whilst she was in a passion.
 She therefore took up a Spectator to read a little
 until her mind was composed; for tho’ she was
 sent off from London in a violent hurry, she had
 taken time to pack up a few books; and she had
 not read ten minutes before it some how occurred,
 that this very book was a present which the cap-
 tain had forced upon her: the only one he had
 ever prevailed on her to take, and that too in the
 presence of her papa. Trifling as this circum-
 stance was, it gave her whole mind another
 turn. It was indeed a little too much to be told

she

she loved him, but then her heart confessed he only hinted the truth, and she believed he told no less a truth when he said he loved her. How then should she behave? She doubted long, but at last resolved to do—what very few women upon earth would do,—to deal plainly and honestly with a man she thought deserved fair dealing. However she would do nothing that night.

CHAP. VI.

A recipe little known, but of wonderful efficacy.

PERHAPS, reader, thou art not perfectly acquainted with the effect of a good and honest resolution taken just going to sleep. Easy slumbers and pleasant dreams are the certain consequences. I do not jest;—depend upon it, 'tis a sovereign prescription. I am not much above forty, and have tried it twice with success already, and intend when I get on the other side fixty, and find I want sleep, to use it four or five times a month.

Miss Nancy had no sooner got into bed, after having taken the above recipe, than she fell into a soft innocent sleep, and arose in the morning in perfect serenity. Perhaps in all her life she never looked so handsome; she then sat down and wrote,

S. I. R.,

SIR,

PERHAPS I ought to make no answer at all to your letter, and yet I am answering it, and that too in such a manner, as possibly I should not myself approve of, if written by another; for I am to tell you, that if my father had made choice of you, I think I should have obeyed him without reluctance; but, Sir, you know 'tis otherwise, and you could not yourself retain the good opinion of me which I own I am pleased in thinking you have, were I to take any step in direct opposition to my father. I therefore never will receive or write another letter on this subject.

I am, Sir, &c.

A. S.

Doubtless she was then seriously resolved not to take any step without her father's consent, and yet so it was, that some days after, the captain met her by *accident*, and prevailed upon her to leave her father's house and cleave unto him, for then were none of those foolish and wicked acts of parliament, which pretend to say, that a fine girl of sixteen, is not as competent a judge of a young fellow's merit as a L—— C——, or any other doating old fellow in the kingdom. To speak in the modern phrase of this match, it was as bad on both sides as possibly could be. Miss was a fine girl and her father so rich, that she

He might have well expected a coronet. Captain Filmore was an handsome, well-bred, sensible young fellow; and though he had spent his fortune; and had nothing certain but his commission, yet as his mother was very fond of him, and had a good jointure, he made a genteel appearance, and kept the very best company; and as he was a man of quality as well as merit, there was no doubt of his rising considerably in the army. But his marriage with the daughter of a scrivener, who had the impudence not to be proud of the honour done him, who also stubbornly held out, and would come into no measures, and was resolutely bent upon not giving his daughter one penny of fortune; all this wonderfully abated the warmth of his brother lord Filmore's fraternal affection; and what at the same time put out the least remaining spark of his regard for the captain, was the birth of a son and heir to Mr. Isaac Scrape, about a month after the captain's marriage: of this his lordship heard accidentally almost as soon as it happened; and that he might not seem to be actuated by this news, he went instantly home, that he might speak his mind to his brother, before he had heard of this unlucky event.

As he thought there was no great formality requisite with a younger brother, a captain of foot,

foot, who had ruined his hopes by a foolish match, he at once went up to the apartment of the new married couple, (for as the first rumour had said, the captain was married to a vast fortune, his lordship had kindly invited him to his own house) and familiarly accosting his brother, "Harry! faith I must make free with you, I cannot spare this apartment any longer:" and then whispering aloud,—“Sally is to be in town to-night, and rot me if I have any where to put her; and she is with child too, and I suppose your wife, though she is a beggar, is too proud—” The captain was amazed before; but this last piece of brutality fired him at once. “Hold, Sir! presume not to shew the least disrespect to this dear woman; if you but hint the least unmannerly word in her presence, neither your title, nor your house, nor your kindred to me shall protect you. Yes, we shall soon leave your house, but whilst I am here, this apartment is mine, and I chuse to be alone.” “Nay, Harry, if you are angry,”—“Yes, my lord, I am more than angry; I am grieved to see that a brother of mine should have so little of his father’s spirit,—but, my lord—I’ll leave your house in an hour.—For the present I desire you will leave me.” Nay but,—nay Harry,—I did not mean.” “My lord, I insist I may be alone,” and then hand-

handed his lordship to the door, and calling his servant, he was not long packing up his all, which, with himself and his wife, an hackney coach conveyed to the captain's former lodgings.

Mrs. Filmore was very uneasy, for she considered herself as the cause of the insult her husband suffer'd in his brother's house, and of his being deserted by his friends; but as he really loved her, he omitted nothing that might make her easy. The lodgings they were now in were indeed much too good for a captain of foot, whose commission was all he had now to depend on; for his mother, on his marriage, had refused to see him. This lady was not actuated by those selfish motives which affected her eldest son; it was not the wife's want of fortune, but her want of blood, that offended the lady dowager, who was herself of one of the best families in Wales, and could not endure that a son of her's should contaminate the blood of the great Cadwallader, by mixing it with that of a vile city scrivener. However, when she heard how ill her eldest son had behaved, she resolved to assist the captain, and not to leave him in distress; indeed she looked on this match as a *mis-alliance*, and perhaps thought our laws very deficient in allowing such connections the honourable appellation of marriage. She sent for the cap-

captain, who went to her immediately, for she deserved and expected most punctual attention to her commands. She had been a most excellent mother, and if this fondness of family was a foible, surely it was an excusable one in her who was as truly noble a lady as ever bore a title; her only mistake was, that conscious of having many excellent and truly virtuous qualities, she imagined herself indebted to her blood for them all; and if that had indeed been the case, she could not have been too fond of her family. The captain was not a little perplexed how to behave; he expected his wife would be mentioned with contempt, which he was not inclined to bear, even from his mother, yet it was dangerous to contradict her; and then again, to suffer it quietly, would make her despise him; for he knew her ladyship would not in her heart be pleased with any thing that shewed a want of spirit. As he expected, so it was; the lady dowager scornfully mentioned his marriage, and at last, warming herself by her own reasoning, cried, "What is now become of the wretch?" "You see your brother,"——the captain interrupted her,——"hold, dear mother! Lord Filmore is no longer my brother.—I disclaim him,—but you are my mother, my kind affectionate mother! not the loss of my friends," "and

“ and all my hopes in life affect me : for these I
 “ am fully repaid in the affections of a dear and
 “ worthy wife.”—How, Sir ?—“ Stay, my dear
 “ mother, hear me out, there is nothing I re-
 “ gret, but the loss of my mother’s affection.
 “ That indeed, not even the woman I love can
 “ make me amends for :—but one thing I must
 “ insist on ; not even that mother must in my
 “ presence treat my wife disrespectfully.”—
 “ Your wife, Sir !” (replied the dowager) “ the
 “ minx !”—Nettled at this, which was attended
 with a certain motion of the nose, the son replied,
 “ —Yes, madam ! my wife ! my dear and be-
 “ loved wife ! and, in spite of your pride, your
 “ daughter : and by heavens ! an honour to your
 “ family.”—This was too much to be borne,—
 all Wales was in an instant in her cheeks ; she left
 her chair, and could almost have beat her son,
 yet could not speak for fury.—The captain saw he
 had been too warm ; he instantly fell upon one
 knee, and seizing her hand, “ forgive me, dear
 “ madam ! forgive the distraction of a lover.—
 “ Oh ! if you knew her ! if you knew with
 “ what infinite, what distant respect, she looks
 “ up to the virtues of a woman to whom I owe
 “ so much ! Remember, madam, how dearly
 “ you loved my father ; he was, when first you
 “ knew him, a private gentleman, and though a
 “ gentleman, yet in point of family no more
 “ equal

“equal to you”—Her ladyship began to cool
 a little,—“oh, Harry, why would you disgrace
 “yourself?” “Madam, it cannot be now un-
 “done, and do not now make a son, whom you
 “once loved, unhappy in your displeasure.—It
 “is the only thing that can make him so. As
 “to my fortune, I can live upon a little, un-
 “til my services entitle me to more.” “Well,
 “child, your brother and I”——no, madam,
 “not my brother; sooner would I starve than
 “take even a fortune at his hands; but you
 “have ever been my indulgent mother, and
 “from you I should refuse not the smallest kind-
 “ness; my pride does not interfere with you—
 “But why talk I of that?—Give me nothing;
 “already I have had too much; let me expect
 “no more—and may I live to shew that my
 “love and respect for the best of mothers is not
 “interested or mercenary!—Might I but one
 “day hope you would see my—my—the dear
 “woman that I love—I am sure.”—“Well,
 “Harry, let her be at lady Charlotte’s this even-
 “ing, may be I may call in—but let *her* not
 “presume to think of me as her mother.” “Oh!
 “madam! forgive me if I am warm upon such
 “an occasion; I cannot, will not submit, that
 “the woman who is my wife, should be treated
 “with contempt by any one, not even by you!
 “If you forbid me your sight, upon my soul,
 “I shall

“ I shall be the most miserable of men—yet I
 “ will obey you.”—Sir, replied the mother, “ I
 “ did not forbid you my fight.” “ Oh ! yes you
 “ did, and that too in the severest manner ; for,
 “ think you, madam, that a son of yours has so
 “ little spirit as to go any where himself, where
 “ his wife would not be received upon an equal
 “ footing ? My lordly brother indeed might do
 “ this ; but I disdain it.—Be not, dearest madam,
 “ unkind in this only point.—I will, I must
 “ bring her this afternoon. I know my mother
 “ has too much real spirit to use any body ill,
 “ especially in her own house ; and she has ever
 “ been too generous and too kind to me, to
 “ wound me in a point so galling as the sight
 “ of an insult to my wife.”—With this he bowed
 and left her ladyship in silent contemplation. She
 was pleased at the captain’s spirit, and yet
 vexed at it. Once she had a mind not to be at
 home in the afternoon ; but she was extremely
 fond of her son, and a little afraid to vex him
 too much, lest his affection, which was always
 remarkable to her, might be carried away irre-
 coverably ; for in that affection she had a cer-
 tain heart-felt comfort which repaid her fully for
 all the care and anxiety she had suffered for him.
 She at last resolved to behave very coolly, and
 examine her visitant very narrowly.

CHAP. VII.

The birth of the lovely Leonora.

THE captain returned to prepare his wife for her afternoon's expedition. Great was the hurry and flutter of poor Mrs. Filmore upon this occasion. At last the hour came, and she went. The dowager was equipped in all the insolent pomp of nobility, and inwardly brimfull of family pride.—She did indeed *civilly* receive her daughter-in law, and bid her seat herself; but then the words Sir and Madam, served up by her ladyship with infinite distance, sunk poor Mrs. Filmore almost below her chair: whilst the captain sat biting his thumbs and ready to burst with vexation. His wife saw it, and could hold no longer, but throwing herself on her knees before the dowager, “O! madam,” cried she, “I am unhappy enough in the distresses I have brought upon the best of men; add not to my afflictions, by making me deprive him of the love of so excellent a mother. Perhaps I am unworthy of the honour of being considered as your daughter.—I will”—The captain had arisen at the moment his wife did, but till now only stood silent by.

by her ; but touched by her last words, he burst out, " by heavens, but you are,"—and raising her up, all in tears, turned to the old lady, " Ma-
 " dam, I appeal to yourself, is she not more
 " than I deserve ?" The good lady had herself been touched not a little, and the only reason she spoke no sooner was, that her heart was rather too full ; but now approaching her, " My
 " son's wife must," said she, " be my daughter." Some half-formed language past on all sides ; smiles and tears of reconciliation ; and a few minutes now made them tolerable good company. The captain was all life and good humour ; the mother smiled too, and was mightily pleased ; and the young lady greatly satisfied, tho' pretty silent : which displeased not her mother-in-law. They sat until it was pretty late, and parted in high satisfaction. The next day, the dowager called upon them, and said, she had room for them in her house ; and turning to her daughter, " this gentleman might always have had an apartment there, but he refused it, because it was a
 " mother's house. However my daughter will insure me now a little more of his company." A courtesy, and a look full of sensibility, was all the return Mrs. Filmore could make. That day they went to her ladyship's ; who, if before she had been too positive in not allowing her son's wife the honour of being called her daughter, she

she now made ample amends, for she seldom gave her any other than that, or as tender an appellation. She seemed even to have forgot what family she sprung from : in which one single instance, her ladyship had the honour to be imitated by the worthy Mr. Scrape, who never once enquired after his daughter ; and not being called upon for money, gave himself no sort of concern about her.

But the felicity of this amiable family was of no long continuance ; for, in about two year's time, it was fatally interrupted by the cruel ravages of death. The captain was seized by that horrid distemper, the small-pox, of which he died ; and his wife, by her close and affectionate attendance upon him, in his illness, contracted a disorder which, added to her grief, soon carried her off also : leaving the good lady Filmore plunged in the most bitter and sincere sorrow. They left behind them one only daughter, whom, together with his wife, her son's expiring breath recommended to her care ; and that wife dying so soon after, in her last words, also bequeathed the child to her protection.

Well and tenderly as this lady loved her son, the measure of her grief was not quite full, until she lost her daughter-in-law ; then indeed

it

it ran over, and she could never have survived the loss, but that a sense of her duty to the little orphan, made her exert more than human strength. She called for help on him who never denies it to those who ask it sincerely. Her little Leonora, the present object of our hero's affection, took up all her thoughts and care, and every day that was added to her age, shewed her more and more worthy of that care. Mr. Scrape too, finding, that lady Filmore was above asking his help, and hearing she had declared that she would be at the expence of her granddaughter's education; and finding too, that his neglect of her who was now his natural heir, (for the son we mentioned did not live three weeks) began to make a little noise, he vouchsafed to beg of lady Filmore that he might see the child; which he did merely to save a little appearance of character. For to this sort of people, character is a commodity of some value. This indeed was a point which did not directly interfere with business, yet he did not chuse to set people a talking. A man whose house should be built of stone, would not let boys throw pebbles at the walls of this house, for though the wall could not be hurt by pebbles, yet a chance stone might happen to break the *windows*. Thus Mr. Scrape knew, that if peoples tongues were once set a going, they might hit
at

at last upon some of the window-like brittle parts of his character; and this he did not chuse to have narrowly canvassed. He therefore wisely chose to stop their mouths, since it cost him nothing to do so; not that even this circumstance, so favourable to his œconomy, could prevent great inward vexation, and some occasional censures, when he happened to hear of what was expended on his granddaughter's education, in which article lady Filmore spared no cost.

'Tis hoped we may be excused for taking up so much time, paper, and ink, in the story of Mr. Scrape and his family, when it is considered, that he is the grandfather of our lovely heroine, the charming Leonora. If any cavilling critick should ask, why I make such a man the grandfather of the lady whom I find qualified to engage the affections of my heroe,—I may cut that critick short with the ready answer which all we writers of true history have it in our power to make.—“The fact was so,—just such a
 “man he was, and just such a man have I de-
 “scribed him; and such is my steady adherence
 “to truth, that I could not deviate one little
 “jot from it, though it were to save a blot in
 “my heroine's escutcheon.” If not content with this, the critick should still presume to dis-
 pute

pute the propriety of my conduct; let him recollect, that the lady is, by the father's side, of the best blood in Wales; that is, in the whole world. But then let him consider too, that not all the blood of all the Cadwalladers could purchase one single pound of flesh in St. James's market; nor would the fullest branched pedigree tree of an Irish *O* buy fuel enough to roast a lark; nor will those wooden rogues the cabinet-makers exchange a single foot of mahogany for the most princely genealogical table that the most antient descendant of Saxon, Dane, or Norman in Great Britain can produce. Then pray, will not a little money be found of some use? Nay is not a good fortune a very proper addition to set off the best face in Europe? And without impudently contradicting the known, stated natural course of things, how could a very large fortune come to any family, but by the accident of some great rogue's having *unfortunately* belonged to that family, to make the fortune of better people, that were destined to come after him?



P A R T III.

CHAP. I.

Our young heroine pumps a secret out of her own breast.



WE must now carry our reader back to our enamoured hero, Mr. George Stanley, and his fair mistress, the lovely Leonora.—But first let us look to the ladies, whom we left together, after Stanley had parted from them. At supper their conversation was not of a very lively turn; Lady Filmore ask'd Miss Stanley, “ why her brother did not stay supper ? ” I believe ma'am,

ma'am, answered the young lady, "he was engaged, or I'm sure he would with great pleasure have waited on your ladyship." Ah, Fanny, answered the lady, "I am afraid your brother was *engaged* indeed, but he had better have staid here; it would be more for his credit as well as interest if he was not so often *engaged*." Miss Stanley was going to reply, —but her ladyship continued;—"nay, I hope I am wrong. I have taken the liberty of speaking very freely to him,—he has promised me, and I heartily wish he may keep his word."—Then turning her eye on her granddaughter, who seemed a little heavy, asked her if she was not well?—To which the young lady replied, she had a great pain in her—*heart*,—she might have said, but she chose to say her *head*.—The good lady advised her to go to bed; which advice she very readily took. Miss Stanley, who was, when they were together, always by mutual choice her bedfellow, insisted on accompanying her immediately, that she might not disturb her, by going to bed after her. Little or nothing was said, whilst they were undressing, and the maid in the room. When they were alone, the following conversation ensued, which I shall set down in the dialogue way; and first Miss Stanley began,—“Leonora, my dear, what is the matter with you? How is your head?” Lc.

“ Nothing—my head is very well ! ”——Stan.
 “ What then is the matter ? ”——Le. “ Nothing.”
 Stan. “ Nay, my dear, something is.”——Le. “ I
 “ don’t know.”——Stan. “ I hope, Leonora, no-
 “ thing that my brother or I said has offended
 “ you. I am sure”——Le. “ Nothing.”——Stan.
 “ May be you would chuse to go to sleep.”——
 Le. “ No! I am not sleepy.”——Stan. “ Nay then,
 “ Leonora, deal with me openly and plainly, as
 “ I would with you; tell me, Leonora,—do tell
 “ me.”——Le. “ Fanny, what should I tell you?
 “ —I am sure I don’t know.”——Stan. “ Nay, my
 “ dear, I see you more uneasy than ever I saw
 “ you in my life, you sigh, you cry, you don’t
 “ want to sleep, and yet assign no reason for all
 “ this! I am sure you might trust me.”——
 Le. “ Nay, Fanny, don’t be angry, I don’t
 “ know what is the matter with me, indeed I
 “ don’t,—to be sure”——and a sigh stopt her.—
 Stan. “ To be sure, what, my dear?”——Le.
 “ Why, it was odd of you, to tell your bro-
 “ ther, that I advised you to write.”——The
 other made vast protestations that she meant
 no harm;——*That*, Leonora said she was
 sure of; “ but then, added she,—What must
 “ your brother think of me? Indeed, Fanny, I
 “ should be sorry, of all people, that my friend’s
 “ brother should not think well of me?”——

In short, in a little time, Leonora understood herself; and plainly found, that George had a place in her heart. In short, she honestly confessed it to Miss Stanley; at the same time desiring her religiously to conceal it; which she promised to do, and was indeed resolved to keep her promise. For, well as she loved her brother, she had an equal regard for her friend; and as she saw from their several circumstances, that such a union would be difficult, if not impossible to be accomplished, she therefore thought it best not to be attempted; and accordingly spoke her mind plainly to Leonora, who believed herself persuaded by what she said, and resolved to think no more of poor George, except as her friend's brother. Satisfied, that she had so resolved, they both went to sleep.

As to Stanley, after perplexing himself long, how to behave between the real passion he had for Leonora, and the gratitude due to the pretty German; he resolved not altogether to desert the latter; that is, he would see her sometimes, and support her always, but to have no other connexions with her, than as a friend he regarded; that he would pursue the other with all his might and main, and if happily he found he had any share in her affections, he would leave it to common sense to tell the German what he was

doing; and hoped that tho' it might at first affect her, yet a recollection of the nature of his and her connexions, and those connexions he now made, would reconcile her to it. Hugely satisfied with this notable contrivance, away he posted to lady Filmore's to breakfast, as his sister being there was a sufficient excuse for his so doing: And breakfast was no sooner over, than he told his sister he wanted to speak with her. — When they were alone, he began to thank her most fervently, for so many instances of her affection, and concluded by begging her to crown all her goodness by possessing her friend with a good opinion of him. Much he said, but all in vain. Miss Stanley was sorry to see his heart so bent on his purpose. She represented to him, — that lady Filmore would (she was sure) never consent, nor would old Scrape; and whatever Miss Filmore might do in respect to her grandfather, she was sure she never would take any step, without her grand-mamma's consent. She added, she was sure her own father and mother also would never consent to his doing any thing against the will of lady Filmore; and concluded with saying, “ My dear George, do you imagine because, my papa and mamma don't know the life you lead, that therefore no body else does? — Ah, George, forgive me, — but really no lady” — Ah, sister,

inter-

interrupted George,—“Do not blast all my
 “hopes!—I have I own,—I have been a base
 “profligate wretch; but Leonora’s virtues shall
 “reclaim me. Assist me, my dear good girl,—
 “assist me.” Still she kept her resolution; till
 George, a good deal vexed at her inflexibility,
 turned short, and taking up his hat, cry’d,
 “Well, madam, go on,—trumpet forth your
 “brother’s unhappy follies: I’ll myself to the
 “dear creature; at once confess,—repent and
 “disclaim them all: farewell.” His sister caught
 hold of him, “for heaven’s sake, what are you
 “going to do, to ruin yourself?—Do you not
 “know the vast pride of lady Filmore, and do
 “you think Leonora has neither spirit nor deli-
 “cacy enough to resent such an insolence as
 “you are talking of? would she not immediately
 “tell her grandmamma?—Indeed, brother, I
 “would serve you if I could; but this is perhaps
 “a sudden gust of passion; and how can I speak
 “to my friend, who knows how you live?”
 “My dear sister I will from this moment—I will
 “live such a life as will surprize you.—“Well
 “George,—I’ll tell you then,—take three
 “months trial?—if you then continue in the
 “same mind, then”—“Ah! sister—a quarter of
 “a year!—believe me—trust me.”—“No, George
 “—one whole quarter—if you don’t like it, go
 “your own way.”—She was resolved, and

George was forced to submit, and even to promise not to mention one word of his passion to Leonora herself.

When Miss Stanley had parted with her brother, and again joined Miss Filmore, it was plain to the latter, by her friend's manner, that something more than common had happened; and therefore extremely inquisitive was she to know what had been Mr. Stanley's business. At last she could not help saying,—
 “tell me, Fanny, and tell me truly, did he
 “mention my name?” Lord bless me, Miss!
 no to be sure, replied the other:—Leonora almost bursting at the starch term—*Miss*—could not help repeating it; adding, “I did not expect this from you indeed! do you think I
 “would use you so?—and sure it is not the sister
 “ought to despise me, for having perhaps too
 “good an opinion of the brother” “forgive,” replied Miss Stanley, “forgive me--’tis impossible
 “I should despise you; no, my dear friend, I love
 “and esteem you; but I likewise heartily pity
 “you.” “Pity me!—what then he, I suppose,—
 “did you not promise me not to divulge my folly;
 “for I see ’tis folly now!” “Be not offended
 “dear Leonora; I love you—I pity you, and
 “I pity my poor brother—who—Ah! my
 “dear!

“ dear ! you ought not to be angry with me, for
 “ I really am perplexed how to act, or what I
 “ ought to do between you.” “ I am not an-
 “ gry,” replied Miss Filmore,—“ but tell me
 “ quickly,—tell me I conjure you by our long
 “ friendship !—tell me every word he said.” Miss
 Stanley did all she could to excuse herself, but
 at last she related the whole ; and ended with
 telling her, that George had at last promised to
 make no mention of his passion himself. This her
 friend thank’d her for, tho’ perhaps she would
 have forgiven Stanley if he had broke his word ;
 but he kept it firmly : tho’ for the whole three
 months together, he was of frequent parties
 with his mistress. Whether this punctual obser-
 vance was owing to his own nicety, or to his
 sister’s watchfulness, in never giving him an op-
 portunity, or whether either Miss Stanley’s friend
 or her brother were much obliged to her for her
 care, may all be a little doubtful ; but certain-
 ly she was very solicitous about the affair, as she
 saw it must be attended with great inconvenience.

About this time, lady Filmore not being well,
 was advised to go to Bath, and she determined to
 take her grand-daughter with her. The night be-
 fore she went, Stanley called to carry his sister
 home, and after taking leave of lady Filmore, the
 young people were alone.—Miss Stanley and her

friend embraced, and were very warm in their professions of eternal friendship. Whether it was that Leonora was softened in the tender moment of parting with her friend, or that George was transported beyond himself, at the thought of losing his mistress, for a time at least;—but his sister had no sooner quitted her friends arms, than he seized Leonora in his, and fervently embraced her, whose hand he never before had presumed to touch. He had just time enough to throw out a short ejaculation to Heaven for her safety, when Leonora recollected—that it was not *Miss Stanley's* arms that pressed her so warmly: and instantly breaking from him, she thank'd him for his good wishes, in terms wonderfully awkward, but in a manner very expressive. They then parted, and not a word of love was spoken by either, but a great deal was shewn by both. *Miss Stanley* was herself in more uneasiness than either of them, for they both thought they had played their parts very well, and not discovered one bit more of their hearts, than common civility justified them in; but *Miss Stanley* happened to be quite of another opinion; however, she did not think proper to tell her brother so, as they were going home; tho' he was continually pluming himself on his behaviour: all which she let pass,

But

But now while lady Filmore and her granddaughter are going to Bath, let us quit them for a while, and see what old Mr. Stanley did, on the alarm he took at his son's extravagance in dress, and the manner of life he led.

CHAP. II.

Honesty is the best policy.

MR. Stanley knew too much of the world, and of the turn of his son's temper, to be uneasy merely about his wearing a laced coat, or any trifle of that kind; but then he had heard some other little flying reports of his manner of living, which he had slighted till now; when putting all things together, he began to fear his son was very much mis-spending his time, and he resolved to search the matter to the bottom. George found that his father was intent on the enquiry, and resolved at once to see what a little impudent honesty could do; he went to his mother, confessed every thing, even to his winning the money, and concluded with saying, that lord Belfont had now left England, so that he had not his usual temptation; professing at the same time his resolution of a thorough reformation: In short, he confessed every thing, except his affair with the German girl. His confession itself seemed, to a fond mother, to be a sufficient proof of repentance; and his father was very willing
to

to look on it in the same light; so that for the present, the storm blew over.

As his parents were totally unacquainted with the situation of his heart, in respect to Miss Filmore, they considered his spending so much time in the company of his sister, who was then at lady Filmore's, as a proof of his having quitted all other connections.

When lady Filmore and her niece had been three months at Bath, George began to insist on his sister's performing her promise, now that he had performed his quarantine. He would have had her write, but that she absolutely refused; though in fact, from certain passages in Leonora's letters, it was impossible for her to write a single letter without mentioning him. Now some of my readers may be surprized, that a man so capable of observation as Mr. Stanley was, could not, were it only from the circumstances in taking leave, have discovered how deep an impression he had made on his mistress; but certain it is, that let a man be once seriously and downright in love,—while he is so, his *experience*, his *knowledge*, his *understanding*, only serve to mislead him, and contradict common sense. Does his mistress but use him with common civility, he marks it down as the high-

est instance, and strongest proof of affection; does she, even on a slight acquaintance, give him the strongest marks of affection that an old and approved friend might expect,—'tis but innocence and good nature: In this light, George at once accounted for his Leonora's suffering him to hold her in his arms the evening before she set out for Bath. And tho', in fact, she thought him the most accomplished of human kind; yet George knew nothing of that, nor needed he, since as a lover he could so easily account for any thing she said or did. However, after the young lady was gone to Bath, Stanley, at last, brought his sister to own, that Miss Filmore had no bad opinion of him; which had at least this good effect, that it kept him from falling into total despair, and consequently, from taking any rash measures, which might have added to the uneasiness of both parties.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, who watched their son very closely, were happy to find, that he now really applied himself to his studies. They were indeed a little alarmed, a month afterwards, on the arrival of lord Belfont in town. To this nobleman they knew their son was under great obligations; they knew, too, the influence his unhappy example already had over him, and they feared it would still have the same: but how great was their pleasure, when they saw their

son still maintain his intimacy with that nobleman, without being again misled by his example! with his lordship, too, came home captain Martin, for whom lord Belfont and the old general had now procured a company. His presence and example, perhaps a little contributed to George's withstanding lord Belfont: for the captain seeing his father would do nothing for him, and that therefore his fortune depended solely on himself, had already taught his passions to subside, and led a very regular life.

With this friend Mr. Stanley spent most of his time. Lord Belfont was himself surpriz'd at the alteration in George's manner, and he observed too, that when he was in company, he was not so lively and spirited as formerly. He was a long time seeking for the cause, and at last he concluded George was in love; and one day, half in jest, half in earnest, when Stanley was very serious, he ask'd him if that was the case? George protested with so much, and such unnecessary, vehemence, that nothing of this kind had happened, that his lordship was only the more confirmed in his suspicion. But as George would not declare the object, his lordship was too polite to press further.

The course of lord Belfont's life had at last made him sensible, that a constitution may be

worn

worn out, as well as any thing else, and he was advised to go to Bath. Martin had agreed to go with him. The evening before they set out, Stanley spent in their company, and lord Belfont said to the captain, in George's presence, "Martin, don't you find it a little difficult to credit Stanley, when he says he is not in love; would not you swear to it?" "Faith my lord," replied the other, "were it not for his so positively denying it, which I think he would not to us, I should think so." Then turning to his friend, "come, Stanley, tell us frankly if 'tis so,—who is she?" "Pshaw" was all the answer, 'till lord Belfont said, "is it a second villager, Stanley? have you deserted your little German." She be damn'd, answer'd George. "Nay now, (replied the other) I see you are in for it; 'tis then, it seems, an honourable flame; come, come, George—tell." Why "then my lord, upon my word and credit, my mother and sister are the two women in all London, I think most of," George thought he had got cleverly off, but the peer at once caught hold of the word *London*, "in all London, dear George! O then she is not in London; perhaps she is in Bath; shall I take a letter for you?"—Our hero almost leap'd at the offer, but he soon recollected himself, and saw the impropriety of it. Afraid of being jested with, he still persisted in his not being in love.

It may not be easy to assign the cause, why he so strenuously should deny this fact, to two such friends as lord Belfont and Gregory. As he had never spoke one word of his passion to the lady herself, perhaps he thought it look'd ridiculous to say he was in love. But whatever it was, he parted with his friends, without making any confession.

Tho' Miss Stanley saw her brother every day ; tho' he was continually talking of Leonora ; and tho' Leonora wrote to her constantly, twice or thrice a week, and no letter without a mention of him ; yet did not this mutual confidant let either of them know, how dear they were each to the other ; but took all the pains she could to persuade each that the affair was impossible ever to be accomplished. A thousand times indeed she repented having told Leonora what her brother on his first visit had said to her ; for from that time Leonora (convinced that she was mistress of the heart she wish'd to have, and knowing the purity of her own, and believing the honesty of his intentions) thought herself intitled to think more of him, than otherwise she would have ventured to do. Her thoughts, 'twas true, were pure and virtuous ; his intentions honest and good ; his actions answerable ; but then there was, from the beginning, so little probability of success, that it would at least have been prudent

prudent, if both of them had more exerted themselves, to resist a passion they might at first have easily conquered ; but which, suffered to grow to a certain point, it was neither easy nor perhaps honest to relinquish. How little then is that moral rectitude, that fixed rule to be depended on, when in fact, miss but the moment of doing a thing, and 'tis chang'd from good to bad, from laudable to absurd ? for 'tis time and circumstance that at least gives the grace to all human actions.

C H A P. III.

Our Heroe avows his passion for Leonora.

ALL Miss Stanley could say to her brother was in vain, he still persisted, resolving to avow his passion, as soon as Leonora came to town ; and she was now soon expected. All Miss Stanley wrote to Leonora, had as little effect ; tho' indeed that young lady did not, like her lover, confess her passion ; on the contrary, she constantly thank'd her friend for her advice, and always assured her of her strongest resolves to pursue it : herein she deceived not her friend but herself. At length the day of her arrival was appointed. It was with much difficulty, that his sister prevailed on Stanley not to meet her on the road ; and it was only by a promise, that

that she would suffer him to attend her to lady Filmore's, the very morning after her arrival; this the sister, much against her inclination, consented to. However, she could not excuse herself in this, and George resolved to be with her early enough in the morning.

Yet before he went out, Martin was with him. He was surprized to see the captain, whom he did not expect, and to see him booted too; but most cordially and honestly embracing him, enquired the cause of his coming so suddenly to town. Stanley was afraid something had happened to his friend lord Belfont. Martin assured him that his lordship was well, and added, "George, I have rode hard, and if my journey answer to my wish, I shall be happy, and so will you; for we shall both serve our very worthy friend lord Belfont. Here is a letter for you; he would have sent a servant, but as I believe his very life might depend on it, I would not trust a servant's haste, and therefore came myself."—"How! his life!"—replied Stanley, "what mean you?"—"Why, dear George, he is fallen in love with—indeed the loveliest creature I ever saw! but his cursed character of a libertine, has set the grandmother against him; however, he prevailed on her to give her consent, provided he

" could

" could obtain that of the grandfather. She and
 " the young lady are come to town. After they
 " were gone, we found the grandmother inclined
 " to another, and for *him* intends to use her in-
 " terest with the grandfather. The letter is to
 " desire you, to get your father, who is (we
 " hear) the old man's neighbour and friend, to
 " prevail on him to accept lord Belfont." How!
 cried Stanley, quite pale,—then taking up the
 letter, he just cast his eye on it, but without pa-
 tience enough to read it through; yet seeing
 enough to make him lose all patience; almost
 wild he rose up, crying,—“ O God ! ”—then
 suppressed his emotion, saying, “ Martin, you
 “ have business, so have I : I shall meet you be-
 “ fore noon at my father's I suppose ; at present
 “ I must beg your excuse.”—He took his hat
 and went out in haste, leaving his friend in such
 an amaze, that he thought not of following, till
 he was out of sight. However, he went with
 vast uneasiness to Mr. Stanley's, and found that
 George had been there; but without staying
 five minutes, had gone out with his sister. He
 then enquired for Mr. Stanley, and told him his
 whole errand.

Let us follow our hero. His sister, seeing him
 in great perturbation, was astonished in the
 highest degree, and refused to go with him; till
 he

he swore if she delayed but half a moment, he would go alone. Lady Filmore received them as she always did, in a very polite manner; the girls running up stairs, he had the very great *satisfaction* of sitting above half an hour with the lady dowager, who was complimenting him on his reformation, of which his mother had informed her ladyship by letters, forsooth!——

George was not now in a humour to bear any thing.—He took his leave of the dowager, saying he would call again on his sister in an hour or two; *his* hour, however, had not quite sixty minutes in it, for he soon returned; and finding the young ladies alone, he shut the door, than seizing Leonora's hand, he for some moments pressed it to his lips,——declared his passion,——swore his sincerity,——begg'd pardon for his presumption:——in short he talked himself out of breath, and almost frighten'd her out of her wits! for he look'd wild, and spoke very incoherently.

Leonora uttered not one word,——but her friend at length interposed,——“ Dear George, “ what are you about, and what is the matter “ with you this morning?” “ Matter, girl! see “ here, (pulling out lord Belfont's letter)——see “ here! can I for ever lose my Leonora! and “ be at peace? O Leonora, forgive my bold-
“ nefs,

“ nefs, to dare thus to confefs my love. It is
 “ not the lefs respectful : I am forced to do it, or
 “ I willingly would have been content, juft to
 “ look at you for ages.” “ Dear Sir,” replied
 Mifs Filmore, “ Good Mr. Stanley ! what mean
 “ you ? What letter is that ? ” “ O Leonora, ’tis
 “ from my friend, my rival,—from the only man
 “ on earth that can deferve you.—Yes it is, but
 “ I loved, I adored you before he thought of you.
 “ —He fhall not have you,—by Heaven he fhall
 “ not.” Then feizing her in his arms,—
 “ You fhall be mine, and only mine.—O
 “ fweet creature !—forgive me,—pardon my
 “ prefumption,———fay, dear Leonora ; ” ftill
 holding one of her hands.—“ Say fweet crea-
 “ ture, juft that I am not hateful.” —“ Alas
 “ Mr. Stanley !—No indeed, you are not.—
 “ O Fanny,—(with cheeks alternately fire and
 “ fnow) Fanny, what fhall I fay, what can I
 “ do ? and ſhe burft out into tears.” —Fanny was
 herſelf as much at a lofs,—only ſhe would
 have adviſed them, for that time, to have
 parted ; but her advice came too late.—For juft
 as Stanley, in thanks for the answer his Leonora
 had given him, had again presumed to catch her
 in his arms,—lady Filmore opened the door.

It were impoſſible to paint the pride, diſdain,
 and vexation of the lady dowager, the anguiſh
 and

and terror of Leonora, or the disappointment of Stanley. His sister's uneasiness, was also more than I shall attempt to describe.—The old lady, on the sight of her grand-daughter, in Stanley's arms, first broke silence.—“How
 “Leonora! can I believe my eyes?—go,—go
 “to your chamber,—go to your chamber, ma-
 “dam.”—Leonora began to answer with an
 “indeed ma'm,”—but she was stopped, and the
 dowager repeated contemptuously,—“go to your
 “chamber,—you,”—which poor Leonora, scarce
 able to walk, obeyed without reluctance; for
 she was then not very sorry to be alone.—She
 looked indeed at Fanny, and wished for her,
 but that was impossible. Stanley would himself
 have spoke,—but the old lady walked majes-
 tically out of the room, only saying,—“I can-
 “not think your mother privy to this business:”
 then turning to Miss Stanley, “and you too
 “Miss ——, to assist this profligate.—
 “Fye,—I never thought I should bid Mrs.
 “Stanley's children leave my house,—but I
 “do.” Stanley was provoked almost to madness,
 and 'twas with no little difficulty, and not with-
 out many tears, that his sister could prevail on
 him to quit the house; but Leonora's maid com-
 ing with a message of that import, he obeyed.
 In the hurry he had dropp'd lord Belfont's let-
 ter; but he was scarce at home, when lady Fil-
 more's

more's servant, brought it inclosed to his mother with a note,——both which we will reserve for the next chapter.

CHAP. IV.

Friendship itself must give way to love.

Lady Filmore's letter to Mrs. Stanley.

MADAM,

“GOD knows how I ought to salute you.—
“The inclosed I found in my dining room,
“and after what has happened, I thought I not
“only had a right, but that it was my duty, to
“read it. It did not prove to come from the hand
“I feared, but I saw enough to find how weak,
“or at least unhappy, lord Belfont has been, in the
“choice of a friend and confidant. I wish I had
“reason to be as much as ever your friend.

FILMORE.

Lord Belfont's letter inclosed.

DEAR STANLEY,

“I Need not have wrote at all, as our friend
“Martin has insisted on taking upon himself
“the whole trouble of the affair that is the sub-
“ject of this letter. He would, dear Stanley,
“have

' have told you, that I am at last brought to a
 ' thorough repentance of all my follies ; but you are
 ' not to imagine by this, that I am whining on a
 ' death-bed ! no, my boy, I am daily gathering
 ' strength, and, may be soon strong enough to be
 ' as sad a fellow as ever. But heaven has at last
 ' opened my eyes ; it has shewn me virtue in so
 ' lovely, so charming, so engaging a form, that I
 ' wonder at my having been so long untouched
 ' with its beauties. In one word, dear George, I
 ' have seen and conversed with the loveliest and
 ' best of womankind. Think not, my friend, that
 ' a meer face could overpower my senses, and
 ' possess my whole heart.—No !—tho' this love-
 ' ly creature has a person beyond imagination ex-
 ' quisite, yet were that all, my eyes perhaps had
 ' gazed at her for a while, but my heart had been
 ' at ease.—And this thou knowest of me :——
 ' but here, my Stanley, is such an understanding !
 ' no pert fallies of false wit,—no flat insipid see-
 ' saw chit chat : all she says, and all she does, is
 ' decency, sense, and virtue.—But I need not
 ' sure have told you this ; for you it seems are
 ' acquainted with her.—Ah ! Stanley ! how happy
 ' for thy peace it is, that thou seest her not with
 ' my eyes !—But to the business of my letter ; her
 ' grandmother, lady Filmore, objects to me, on
 ' account of the life I have led. The old lady has a
 ' great regard for your mother, and often chides me
 ' for

' for having misled you ; but she tells me you
 ' are now reformed, of which, grave Sir, I wish
 ' you joy ; and do sincerely rejoice in it, and for
 ' this one plain reason, because your sanctified
 ' face may now be of use to me, in answering
 ' for my reformation. Wait on the old woman,
 ' dear George, and swear to her, that I am be-
 ' come a saint ; as I have the shame of seducing
 ' thee (tho' by the by thou wert a very willing
 ' rogue) let me have the credit of thy conversion ;
 ' and you know, I did use to reprimand you
 ' sometimes.—But to be serious, Stanley, thou
 ' may'st answer for me ; for if it please heaven to
 ' bless me with this lovely dear creature, I swear
 ' by——what oath is sacred enough to use for
 ' Leonora ? Oh ! George, I love her, and never
 ' will wrong her, by entertaining one thought
 ' of another woman. But be sure persuade the
 ' grandmother of my being now a sober fellow.
 ' —The old lady, if I mistake not, has no bad
 ' opinion of reformed rakes—as they call us.
 ' As to the dear creature herself, I will not de-
 ' sire thee to name me to her, for you know
 ' 'tis a maxim of mine, never to employ ano-
 ' ther to speak for me, in such a case. Per-
 ' haps I may let thee deliver a letter.—But
 ' one piece of service thou may'st do me. For
 ' a long while I imagined the distance the sweet
 ' creature kept, and her constantly breaking off,

when I but hinted my passion, was owing to—
 to what—to her being a woman, George. But
 the morning before she went off, as I took my
 leave, and in a lucky moment, in the absence
 of the old one, was more explicit than I had
 ventured before; in blushes and confusion, she
 brake from me, saying,—my heart, my lord, is
 not now in my own disposal.—Pray my lord,
 —and as it were recollecting herself; you
 know I am at my grand-mamma's disposal.
 Now perhaps, (and I hope it) there was no-
 thing in this. And yet perhaps too some wretch,
 some vile low villain, has poisoned the young
 affections of this lovely girl :——if so, find it
 out, and tell me quick, Stanley, that I may
 crush the wretch,—but what do I say,—'tis
 impossible: my Leonora is all perfection, and
 could not harbour a mean passion.

Yet may be some lucky rival, my equal in
 rank and fortune, has come before me, and
 found the way to a heart he cannot deserve
 more than I will.—Oh! my friend, search it
 out,—inform me quickly. They tell me, it
 will be dangerous to leave this place for some
 time, but if you discover any thing, quickly in-
 form me,—a moment shall see me in town.

This

' This is not all the business I have with thee.
 ' Her grandmother, in spite of my intreaties,
 ' would never admit me but as a common visi-
 ' tor, under pretence of having no right to dis-
 ' pose of Leonora without her grandfather's con-
 ' sent; telling me too, with a saucy sort of vir-
 ' tue, that I must not expect, she would be my
 ' advocate to him, for my life, forsooth, has been
 ' so strange, that she knew not how any woman
 ' could open her mouth in justification of me.
 ' Here, Stanley, am I at once punished for all
 ' my iniquity; but you, my friend, can serve me
 ' here. This grandfather is, it seems, thy father's
 ' neighbour and acquaintance; he is, I am told,
 ' rich and testy, and affects a pride of not va-
 ' luing nobility. But I seek no fortune, give
 ' me my Leonora, and let him give his money
 ' where he lists. Prevail on thy father to exert
 ' his interest for me. No time must be lost, for
 ' the very morning that Bath had lost the finest
 ' creature that ever came into it, I discovered,
 ' that the dowager had a design of bestowing such
 ' a treasure, on the heir of an old Welch fami-
 ' ly; a fellow, whose only merit is, that he is a
 ' lump of sobriety. He too has offered to take
 ' her, without any immediate fortune, if secured
 ' a good one on the grandfather's death. Oh!
 ' George, if my heart were not deeply sensible
 ' of the virtues of this lovely creature, and that

‘ her worth ought to out-weigh all other confi-
 ‘ derations,—think you, I would sue for the
 ‘ consent of a *scrivener*?—Farewell.—I have
 ‘ given thee a long letter, and much trouble;
 ‘ but thy friendship will I know rejoice to serve
 ‘ me.—Our worthy friend *would* go himself to
 ‘ town. With two such friends acting in con-
 ‘ cert for me, I must succeed, and then our
 ‘ friendship will never end, for I’ll lead a so-
 ‘ berer life than either of you, so that you will
 ‘ not be afraid of me; as you George have
 ‘ lately been, and as Martin always was. Ex-
 ‘ ert thyself, dear Stanley, set thy father imme-
 ‘ diately to work; let me hear from thee soon;
 ‘ and fully believe me to be,

‘ My dear friend, &c.

‘ BELFONT.’

Mrs. Stanley was not a little piqued at the re-
 ceipt of lady Filmore’s letter, and was at a loss
 to guess the meaning of it, till her daughter in-
 formed her what had happened that morning.
 She then read a severe lecture to her son.

Tho’ George’s respect for his mother kept
 him silent, she could perceive, that he was totally
 inattentive to what she said; she knew his sensibi-
 lity,

lity, and hoped his friendship for lord Belfont, would work more with him, than all her reasonings. She therefore return'd him lord Belfont's letter, observing how little 'twould become him, to obstruct the happiness of a man who had been so much his friend, and who depended so intirely on him. He had before only run his eye over the letter; he now read it over and over. Certain words, tho' they were a rival's words, he could not but dwell upon. His perplexity and vexation were equal. His rival, a man every way, by nature and fortune, so well, so dangerously, qualified to destroy his hopes. And yet, one to whom his obligations were so excessive, that his honour, nay, common honesty, seemed to call upon him, to aid and assist in every honourable design.—And in every design but this, which crossed the favourite hope and wish of his soul, his heart assured him, he should be ready and eager to concur. In this, he thought it something more than unreasonable to expect his assistance.

C H A P. V.

A lesson to teach friends to deal ingenuously.

OLD Mr. Stanley had no sooner been informed by capt. Martin of lord Belfont's passion, than glad of an opportunity of shewing his readiness to serve his lordship, he hastened to find out Scrape. As the lover was willing to take his grand-daughter without a fortune, Mr. Stanley was pretty sure of success; nor was he deceived. Scrape instantly drew up an instrument agreeing to the marriage, if his lordship made such and such settlements. And as he knew they would be words of no force, he added, if they behaved well, he would leave them all his fortune. This business had kept old Mr. Stanley abroad at dinner; but it was no sooner compleated, than captain Martin sent intelligence of it to lord Belfont.

The captain had been surprized and vexed at George's behaviour, but lord Belfont's affair then ingrossed his whole attention. Now that was dispatched, he began to reflect on his friend Stanley's manner, and thought he saw some reason to fear, that the interest of the two friends he loved best in the world might clash. He returned

turned to Mr. Stanley's house with him, where meeting his son, the old gentleman said, "George, what have you done with yourself to-day? But I suppose you have been with your sister to speak to lady Filmore in favour of your friend lord Belfont. I have done more; I have been with Scrape, and got his consent." "How, Sir," said the astonished son,—"S'death Sir, —sure."—The old gentleman had been in high spirits, on having had an opportunity of obliging lord Belfont, whose friendship to his son had engaged him greatly in his lordship's interest. He had expected to find George highly satisfied and pleased with what he had done. No wonder then, if he was greatly surprized at what George had said; and more so, when George turning to the captain, exclaimed,—“Ah! Martin! I little thought, that you would be my destruction!” and abruptly left the room, and the captain followed him.

Stanley was however soon reconciled to his friend, being convinced, that he could not have acted otherwise. Indeed had he not himself behaved so abruptly in the morning, matters might have been less precipitated. Stanley, now, too, condemned himself ten thousand times for not having informed him and lord Belfont of all his views. Had he plainly and openly, and as per-

haps the worth of two such friends deserved, had he told them the situation of his mind ; lord Belfont, who was really a man of honour, and truly his friend, had never suffered his eyes to gaze away his heart, where he knew his friend's heart to be already engaged. 'Tis easy to prevent, tho' often impossible to remedy an evil ; how careful then should we be, not to let not only our passions, but not even any little point of false modesty or mistaken honour betray us into any the most trifling instance of falsehood ! Had Stanley dealt plainly and openly with his friends, he had saved himself and them all this trouble ; this he now saw, but his after-knowledge was of no use to him. Martin, however, resolved himself to write to lord Belfont ; which he did very fully, concluding in wishes, that one of them would wave his pretensions, in favour of the other ; to effect which, he would use all his friendly endeavours, but thought himself bound not to interfere in any other manner, so as to promote the interest of either, in opposition to the other.

Stanley too, was also engaged in honour to write to his lordship, which he accordingly did, in the following terms.

My

MY LORD,

‘**F**OR every instance of your friendship and confidence, I thank you with my whole heart; but the late proof I received of it, in your lordship’s letter by captain Martin, has left me in the greatest perplexity. There is nothing I wish more, than to serve your lordship; and I am sure you will at least pity me, when you see how I am circumstanced. Our friend will give you the full account, for my own part I am really unable.

‘Tis true indeed, that no one of your lordship’s rank, fortune, or merit, has found the way to Leonora’s heart.—’Tis as true, that no vile wretch has poisoned her affections. Your lordship’s good opinion of me hitherto, will justify the lady, if she vouchsafe not to think ill of me. Oh! lord Belfont, be assured, that nothing could give me more pleasure than the having it in my power to contribute to your lordship’s happiness. Nothing could more deeply afflict me, than to see myself an obstacle to it. You say I am happy in not knowing her thoroughly; alas! my lord,—I have known her long,——I know her thoroughly. Had she happily fixed her choice on you, I had in fi-

' lence bewailed my own loss; and yet been
 ' pleased that you were happy. My dear lord,
 ' I know your worth: you would not be a ra-
 ' visher,—you have too noble a heart to take
 ' advantage of her friends commands to force
 ' her to your arms.—I do not myself detest the
 ' thought more than I know you do.—Think
 ' then, when she told you she had not the dispo-
 ' sal of her heart,—think, my dear lord, that she
 ' meant to say, I had a place in it. With a
 ' man of your lordship's virtues, I may, I think,
 ' make a good plea, of a prior right.—Al-
 ' low me this, and dispose of me, ever after,
 ' thro' all my life as you please.

' My father has prevailed with Mr. Scrape,
 ' and before this, you have, I believe, his con-
 ' sent; which, I hope, from the infinite honour
 ' of lord Belfont's nature, he will never use in
 ' violation of his friends right; especially as I
 ' have really some reason to think myself not
 ' indifferent to the lady: but however unfortu-
 ' nately I may be circumstanced, I am sure I am,

' Your lordship's ever faithful,

' GEO. STANLEY.'

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

*A man who is himself in love, never sees any reason
in his rival's pretensions.*

LORD Belfont had been highly pleased with the express Martin had sent him, and had dwelt with great pleasure on the service done him by Mr. Stanley. This he wholly imputed to the influence his friend George had over his father, and congratulated himself on having such a friend. But the post gave another turn to his lordship's mind. If before he was applauding our hero for virtues he was not then exerting, he now made ample amends by charging him with crimes he was always a stranger to. He forgot his usual temper and moderation; he disdained writing to Stanley at all, and quite overlooked the father's warmth in serving him. He wrote indeed to Martin in these terms :

SIR,

‘ **I** F the behaviour of that gentleman, to a man
‘ who regarded him as sincerely as you possi-
‘ bly can, does not deter you from any further
‘ connection with him, I have no right to bid
‘ you desert his interest; but I must desire you
‘ not

' not to interfere with mine, for I neither will,
 ' nor in honour can give up my pretensions.
 ' Had he, when we were all together in town,
 ' told us, that his heart was engaged, (and we
 ' often ask'd him) then—then, indeed, I should
 ' have behaved like a friend, and have advised
 ' him to relinquish all thoughts of Leonora.
 ' But how foolish was he to think of her? He
 ' never had it seems opened his lips to the lady;
 ' if he had, I suppose she would have laughed
 ' at him. A lady, the daughter of a man of great
 ' family, and under the care of a watchful grand-
 ' mother! could he think lady Filmore would
 ' ever have given her consent to Leonora's mar-
 ' rying a man of little or no fortune? And who,
 ' if he had one, was but too much inclined to
 ' idle it away. Or if her grandfather's consent
 ' was ask'd, would he so dispose of his fortune?
 ' Or is it likely that the lady, in spite of all
 ' these oppositions, would so dispose of herself?
 ' I have too good an opinion of Miss Filmore,
 ' and I must own too just a one of the gentleman
 ' to imagine it.

' He calls himself my friend. I wrote to him
 ' under that mistaken notion, intrusting him with
 ' my affections to a lady, with whom he might
 ' serve me. Before this he had never spoke to
 ' her, but now he makes use of this opportu-
 ' nity

' nity of declaring his passion ! But allowing he
 ' had some regard for the lady, yet as his own
 ' success was impossible, might I not have ex-
 ' pected he would smother a flame that might ob-
 ' struct my happiness ? it then could be but the
 ' glimmerings of one : tho' now, whetted by an
 ' opposition to one he call'd his friend, perhaps
 ' it may be strengthened. Was this a friend's
 ' part ? I have avowed my passion to the lady,
 ' to her friends, to all the world.—He bids me
 ' yield it to him !—Why ?—Because, he has
 ' *some reason* to think himself *not indifferent*. I
 ' must say, this is both insolent and foolish ; for
 ' what if I waved my pretensions, is he the near-
 ' er to the attainment of his romantic wishes ?
 ' I do not bid him to forego his passion—let him
 ' pursue it to his shame—

' I shall be in town in a few days—I have been
 ' this man's friend too long ; if we have the mis-
 ' fortune to meet, let it be as strangers. Ex-
 ' cuse me, Sir, for dealing so freely with one you
 ' honour with your regard, but I am strangely
 ' used. I hope I shall have the pleasure of see-
 ' ing you when I come to town, and am,

' S I R,

' Yours, BELFONT.'

Lord Belfont seems to have some reason for
 his complaints ; yet surely, we who are behind
 the

the curtain, to see the working of poor Stanley's mind; who know that his whole soul was wrapped up in the admiration of Leonora's virtues, and that he sincerely suffered for finding a rival in lord Belfont, whose friendship he most earnestly wished to deserve;—we cannot intirely condemn Stanley. Indeed had not lord Belfont's own heart been so deeply engaged in affection to Miss Filmore that it smothered all other ties, and would from no quarter admit of the least opposition; had not this been the case, no man was more capable of searching into the most secret springs of the mind, which, hid from vulgar eyes, give life to all the actions of man: if in this search he found the spring itself clean, and not foul'd by any little particles of meanness, baseness, or self-intérest within, there was no man more willing to clear away all external obstructions, which power, ill-nature, or villainy, might throw in the way, to clog its operations. Had any other man been Stanley's rival, let his *merit, rank, fortune, qualifications*, have been ever so great, yet would not lord Belfont so readily have advised him to give up a fine woman, to whom he had some reason to *think* himself *not indifferent*. The very best of us see things with a quite different eye, where our own interest is concerned.

C H A P. VII.

An example to old fools, how to behave to young fools.

WHEN lady Filmore had wrote to Mrs. Stanley, she immediately called a council within herself, wherein pride and good sense had a hard struggle; the first represented a long train of ancestors all disgraced and dishonoured by this girl's degenerate passion, and even condemn'd her ladyship, for the regard she had formerly shewn the mother, and the affection she had so long, and as pride call'd it, so shamefully testified for the daughter. Pride was thus running on at a great rate, till with the mother, the mother's husband, her own son, her favourite son, occurring to her memory, brought a flood of tears.—And just then, good sense, who till now had been dumb, said a great deal; it represented to her that the mother had really merited all her regards; that her child had hitherto never deserved an angry word from her; that she was gentle, mild and grateful, in the highest degree; that this last principle solely would prevent her taking any step, positively against the opinion of one she had so many obligations to. It reminded her also, that tho' it was probable from what she had seen, that all was not as she could wish it, yet she knew nothing

thing in particular, and if she should use harsh means, they might possibly deter her granddaughter from dealing plainly with her; but that by persuasion and mildish threatnings of future displeasure, the young lady might be induced to discover, how far Stanley's family were concerned. She had persuaded herself, that Mrs. Stanley and her daughter were at the bottom of the affair, but wish'd to be fully inform'd, as also, when George first spoke to Leonora,—and so on, that she might take her measures accordingly.

When she had resolved how to act, her mind was a little compos'd; then calling Leonora's maid,—the girl came to her blubbering, with her eyes red with crying, and upon her asking for Leonora, she answer'd,—“La ma'm, my
 “poor young lady—I'm sure it grieves my
 “heart to see her take on so.——To be sure
 “your laship”——“What does the creature
 “mean?” replied the dowager:——O la
 “nothing an please your laship,——but only
 “my young lady has been crying this hour: I
 “can't, not I, imagine the reason; I was afraid
 “your laship was angry with her.” Her ladyship did not much heed the maid, and only saying to herself, “Poor girl,” bad her tell her mistress, she would come and sit with her
 half.

half an hour before she dress. The girl flew to her young lady, "O la! ma'am, I don't believe, not I, that my old lady is angry, that is, not *so* angry, for her laship just now bid me tell your laship, that her laship would fit a little with your laship, before her laship goes to dress." This so frightened Leonora, that the course of her tears was immediately stopped, and to them succeeded the most anxious solicitude, for the purport and consequences of her ladyship's intended visit.

Before she could say any thing, the old lady appeared. Mrs. Betty was sent off, and Leonora, alarmed at the sight of her grandmother after what had passed, bursting again into a bitter flood of tears, she at once stopp'd her own mouth and her grandmother's: who, however, first recovering herself, said, "Sit down, child, sit down, what is it you mean?—Fye my dear, recollect yourself, I am come to talk to you." "Oh! madam, indeed!" answer'd Leonora, but she could say no more, nor was the good lady herself, at that moment, blessed with any great volubility of tongue. She only added,—"Well Leonora, I find my dear you are not just now able to answer some little questions, I had to make; so, I'll defer them till after dinner: in the mean time recollect yourself, and do not
"make

“make the very servants talk. For God’s sake,
 “Leonora, my Dear, dry your tears, I am not
 “come to chide you, but to talk to you as a
 “friend; and I expect you will deal with me
 “so plainly and honestly, that you will deserve
 “my confidence, as indeed I think I have de-
 “served yours.”——“O yes, indeed you have
 “madam! and I never can forget your good-
 “ness.” This was all the answer she was able
 to make; “Well, I believe it, child, but we’ll
 “say no more at present; I am going to dress;
 “after dinner we’ll talk a little: in the mean
 “time dry your tears, don’t let the servants re-
 “mark any thing” said the old lady, and left
 the room.

Leonora was struck with her ladyship’s mild-
 ness, and her tears return’d thick and threefold,
 as soon as she was alone; she heeded not how
 the time went; and when dinner was serv’d had
 not altered one pin, tho’ indeed Mrs. Betty had
 frequently reminded her, “that it was near din-
 “ner,—that dinner would be soon on the ta-
 “ble,—that the first bell had rung;”—all signified
 nothing, Leonora indulged her own melancholy
 thoughts.—But when dinner was actually serv’d,
 she was not a little frightened, as she knew lady
 Filmore would be displeased if she did not go
 down; and yet she really was not fit to appear.

She

She at last ventured to send word she was not well.—The good lady was somewhat nettled at the message, which she looked upon as a breach of promise, and indeed of good manners, and even a want of respect, a thing she was not apt to pass by un-noticed. Rising pretty hastily, she walked somewhat quicker than was usual with her, up stairs. She had, perhaps, some thoughts of altering her plan. But Leonora heard her coming, and half frighten'd out of her senses, ran and met her at the door, crying, “Indeed madam, I am not well, upon my word “I am not.” Her fright had given her a look as pale as death. The old lady at once not only pacified, but a little alarmed, answered,—“My “Dear, I am very sorry for it, dear child compose yourself——You are in the right not “to come down stairs, I will eat a bit of dinner in your room with you: may be a bit of “chicken may do you good.” She had herself indeed no great stomach, but she prevailed on Leonora to eat a little, and even to take a glass of wine.—Dinner passed, tea came, and her ladyship had ask'd no *questions*; Leonora was still very pensive, tho' not in that visible distress she had been in, in the forenoon. By degrees the old lady stole in the subject she was intent upon; and treated Leonora so mildly, that Miss was convinced, that it was her duty to deliver

liver up all Miss Stanley's letters, in order to remove the suspicions she perceived her grandmother entertained of that young lady, and of Mrs. Stanley's having favoured George's passion.

Leonora did not deny that she had a good opinion of Stanley, but *that was all*, for she was sure, she never thought of doing any thing against her grandmamma's consent and approbation; which was, I believe, true enough; for young ladies never think at first, of going one single step against papa's or mamma's consent,—— because they imagine they will consent: but when they find it otherwise, one step induces another, till—but to return.

To clear her friend's character, Leonora had given up those very letters which must be evidences of her own weakness. Was not this great virtue? It is a pity to lessen its merit, but perhaps, intent on saving her friend, she recollected not, at that moment, how much she exposed herself.

Leonora had protested that till that morning Stanley had never mentioned his passion; her grandmother believed her, and hoped there was, on the side of Leonora, no fixed and settled passion, whatever there might be on Stanley's side; whose

whose pretensions she endeavoured to treat as the interested view of a profligate young fellow. A little something like a sigh on such occasions would now and then escape Leonora, in spite of her. This the good lady *would not* observe, and they parted early in the evening, very good friends.

CHAP. VIII.

A visit Pro, and a visit Con.

ON reading the letters Leonora had given her, lady Filmore found no reason for supposing Mrs. Stanley at all acquainted with the affair, and could not but acquit poor Fanny of any design, in favour of her brother; for she had thro' the whole correspondence, with great warmth and honesty opposed the thing; but the old lady knew, that whether with, or without design, such a correspondence could not but have added fuel to the fire; and tho' she could not condemn, yet was she very much vexed at that young lady.

In looking over lord Belfont's letter, her ladyship had observed certain expressions of *old woman*, and such like; which were no great gratifications of her ladyship's high respect for herself; and for which she was very little obliged to his lordship, whom she never much affected as a match

match for her grand-daughter. First, tho' his income was considerable, that was owing to his places; his estate was not large, and he was a sort of man, who seemed inclined rather to live equal to or above his income, than to lay up a fortune for his family,—and her ladyship loved oeconomy. Secondly, tho' he had a title, he was a new creation; for no longer ago than his great-grandfather's, great-grandfather's grandfather, they were merchants. It therefore gave her no uneasiness to find, that Leonora had no liking to him; for she had in her own mind resolved to dispose of her, as my lord had hinted to George, to a gentleman of her own country; who, tho' his lordship stiled him a lump of sobriety, was very far from being a disagreeable man. His person was well enough, and so was his understanding; his fortune was very large, and his pedigree very long; which altogether had determined her ladyship in his favour. It was no sudden thought; lady Filmore had long since been treated with on the subject by the gentleman's mother, whose motive indeed was, that she had heard old Scrape was excessively rich; she found too, that he was a man who would not part with money during his life; which, considering the large income her son had, she did not regard, provided Scrape would secure his whole fortune to his grand-daughter, at
his

his death. Lady Filmore had informed her, that Mr. Scrape had no violent affection for his grandchild, so that it had long puzzled the old ladies, how to bring him to their purpose. Mrs. Lloyd, for that was the lady's name, had employed him in the agency and receipt of all her son's estate; the young man himself had been brought to town: and so affairs rested. For as the parties were both young, Leonora not seventeen, and her intended spouse Mr. Llewellyn Lloyd, not twenty-two; they had not desired to hurry matters, only lady Filmore resolved to keep a very watchful eye over her ward's affections, which had however slipp'd thro' her fingers, and were settled on another.

In all their parties abroad, Mr. Lloyd always made one. At lady Filmore's, no gentleman was so well received; not that he had himself any design, either in their parties or visits, for his prudent mother had not thought it yet time to let him into her design. This journey to Bath had disconcerted all, and obliged them to hasten matters; they therefore resolved to break the affair to Scrape. There was no time to be lost, for on the one hand, it was plain, lord Belfont was deeply struck with Leonora, which was enough to alarm Mrs. Lloyd; on the other hand, Miss had at least a *tender*

for

for Stanley, which the wary dowager, tho' it alarm'd herself, did not think it so much for Leonora's credit as to make it necessary to mention it to Mrs. Lloyd.

Lady Filmore had received a letter from Mrs. Stanley, which intirely removed all suspicions, if any remained, of her and her daughter; she lamented that there should be the least appearance against her, but resented a little, that lady Filmore should, on appearances only, condemn her; she promised however, to use all her influence over her son, that her ladyship's intentions, and lord Belfont's happiness, might meet no obstruction.

Partly to apologise to Mrs. Stanley for the suspicions she had conceived, and partly to prevent lord Belfont's having an advocate in her or her daughter, her ladyship resolved on paying them a visit. She found them all very melancholy. Both father and mother had used their intreaties and persuasions with their son, and laid before him the impropriety of his design, and the improbability of his success; but they scarcely got any answer from him.

After he had wrote as mentioned to lord Belfont, a sullen gloomy silence seemed to have

seized him, which left the whole family, in the most unhappy suspense for what turn he might take. The arrival of lady Filmore somewhat surprised them. Mrs. Stanley little expected ever to see her again ; perhaps wish'd she never had at all : since that acquaintance was now the occasion of so much anguish to her darling child. She received her ladyship with such a distant sort of civility, as might have offended a woman of less pride than lady Filmore ; but, fully convinc'd that Mrs. Stanley was rather to be pitied than blamed for her son's passion, and knowing her worth and good understanding, the dowager thought it more adviseable to gain that lady to her interest, by placing a confidence in her, than to provoke her into opposition by an ill-timed resentment ; she therefore informed her of her whole design,—her dislike to lord Belfont,—her resolutions in favour of Mr. Lloyd,—and the total impossibility of receiving Mr. Stanley : of whom she nevertheless spoke nothing ill naturedly. She concluded with thanking Miss Stanley for her advice to Leonora ; but begg'd at the same time, that she would not continue her correspondence : for which she gave very good reasons to her mother, who promised for her daughter.

C H A P. IX.

An Interview.

THE experienced dowager, knew very well that on these occasions women have great weight; but she now persuaded herself, and very justly, that by her manner of behaviour to Mrs. Stanley and her daughter, she had intirely deprived the young man of any assistance he might have expected from them. She was resolved to watch Leonora very strictly, and to make it impracticable for him to have any personal, or even literary intercourse with her grand-daughter; so that it would be impossible for him, she hoped, to do himself any service, tho' he might cross lord Belfont's designs. But alas! how weak are all human schemes! even now while her ladyship was exerting herself abroad, with great satisfaction in what she was doing, a thing happened at home, which might have rendered all her policy ineffectual. At the very time she was abroad, so was young Stanley too, and proposing to himself no further pleasure, than with envy to behold the brick-walls which contained his dearest mistress. He was strolling in street, when mistress Betty, just as he was passing by lady Filmore's, came to the door, and

and seeing him, cried out, "Lord Sir! you
 "are vastly lucky to hit the time, for my old
 "lady is abroad!" Stanley was astonished at
 the salute, but soon recollecting himself, "Then
 "good Mrs. Betty," says he, "can I have the
 "happinefs to see your young lady?" at the
 same time, putting a piece of money into her
 hand.

Mrs. Betty, with great pliancy, and many thanks,
 assured him of her constant service; told him,
 Miss Filmore was then in her own room; and
 that she would contrive some method to get her
 into the dining room: concluding with, "and
 "Sir, as soon as Miss is there, I'll look out of
 "the two pair of stairs window: then do you
 "knock, and ask for the old lady; when they de-
 "ny her, say you'll wait for her, and walk up
 "to the dining-room: for to be sure, 'tis more
 "than my place is worth to let you in." Stan-
 ley approving this management, waited with
 impatience for the appearance of Mrs. Betty's
 ugly head at the two pair of stairs window;
 where, it no sooner shewed itself, than he pur-
 sued the directions his sybil had given him, and
 found an easy passage to the dining-room. Thi-
 ther, by some device, Mrs. Betty soon brought her
 young mistress; who no sooner saw Stanley, than
 she was ready to faint: but a little indignation

kept up her spirits. She now saw that Betty had as it were inveigled her down stairs ; and was offended with Stanley, for being in combination with her servant. On his pretending that his visit was to lady Filmore, Leonora was leaving the room ; but he *somehow* prevailed on her to stay, “ only to hear three words—but “ three words.” She sat down, and in these three words, she *somehow* forgot her suspicions : he then spoke of his passion ; but in terms so full of modesty, that Leonora could not be angry. She still insisted however, that without her grandmamma’s consent, she would not admit his addresses.—He was silent,—yet at last he had the boldness to hope, that she would not be displeased, should her grandmamma’s choice fall upon him :——to which she only said,—she hoped she should always obey her grandmamma. But something like a little sigh, emboldened him more.—He said more—she was not angry.—At last it was full time to part. Mrs. Betty, who had left them alone, that is to say, had retired to listen at the door, stepp’d into the room, as a hint to George ; for she was too much in awe of her young lady to speak. He saw it was time to part ; and Betty having returned to her former station, he ventured to press her farther than he had at first dared to think of. “ O ! Leonora,
“ when

“ when I may again see you, God knows !
 “ Before I leave you, you might say one word,
 “ that would make me happy ! If lord Bel-
 “ font has a place in your heart, acknow-
 “ ledge it, and I never will trouble you more.
 “ I will give up all my hopes to make you
 “ happy ; but if, as I hope and wish, I
 “ haply am not your aversion, no danger, no
 “ difficulty shall deter me. If Leonora will deign
 “ to be mine, no power on earth shall keep
 “ her from me ! Oh ! Miss Filmore ! suffer not
 “ yourself to be sway’d, by those formal rules
 “ which govern the weak part of your sex ? ’Tis
 “ true, I never dared, till this week, to declare
 “ my passion by words, but sure you have known
 “ it long ! say then at once, may I hope ever
 “ to call you mine ? ” He often held the half-
 willing Leonora in his arms ; who at length,
 collecting all her spirits, with a lovely honest
 blush said, “ Mr. Stanley, I will not say,
 “ but I should be glad my friend Fanny’s bro-
 “ ther, deserved every one’s good opinion : mine
 “ is not worth obtaining ; I am not my own
 “ mistress ; and upon my word,——I will not
 “ do any thing without my grandmamma’s con-
 “ sent.” “ Oh ! Leonora ! dear Leonora ! ”
 replied Stanley, “ say yet a little more.”
 “ Well then,” added she, “ I never will give
 my hand to lord Belfont.” “ Oh ! then lovely,
 “ good,

“good, dear creature!” cried the enraptured lover: and most impudently seemed to hint something about May-Fair chapel.—But Leonora was downright angry,—again they were reconciled.—At last she said, she was then young, and promised she would marry no man, till she was twenty-one; but did not forbid him taking all proper means of attaining her grandmamma’s good opinion:—and thus, not without Mrs. Betty’s often hinting it to be time for Mr. Stanley to withdraw, they parted.



End of the FIRST VOLUME.

"Good, dear creature," cried the enraptured lover: and most impudently seemed to him something about May-Fair chapel. But Leonora was downright angry,—"again they were reconciled."—At last she said, she was then young, and promised she would marry no man, till she was twenty-one; but did not forbid him taking all proper means of attaining her grandmother's good opinion—and thus, not without Mrs. Betty's often hinting it to be time for Mr. Stanley to withdraw, they parted.